

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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When the proud & lofty may love their bell of brass  
A time perhaps years work the blindest things  
When crowns are honour'd, and in proper lead  
Her instant name to keep than break her trail  
When even whose way herself be just  
When legends and roads no extra in rhyme  
When the world may come a time

# P O E M S:

L U D I C R O U S,

L U D I C R O U S.

# S A T I R I C A L

A N D

M O R A L

To canvas the country for  
When covered in the  
shall grow in the  
the time that  
The time that

P. O. Box 100

London, Ontario

Canada

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P O E M S;

L U D I C R O U S,

S A T I R I C A L

A N D

M O R A L.

SUSPENS A MANU.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR J. FLETCHER IN ST. PAUL'S  
CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCLXVIII.

PR  
3539  
K26A17  
1768



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE author of the following rhimes, hath too much neglected the muses, either to deserve or expect any great reputation as a poet. He hath ever set so little store, indeed, by his poetical performances, as to be now able to procure copies of but few of those, which have occasionally dropt from his pen. It would be impertinent in him however, to affect to undervalue what he is obtruding on the publick; especially as most of the pieces contained in this collection have been frequently printed, and therefore may be presumed to have met with some approbation.

W. KENRICK.

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P O E M S;

LUDICROUS, SATIRICAL,  
AND MORAL.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO CENSURED THE AUTHOR FOR SCRIBBLING  
VERSES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXV.

YOU ask me, why I spend my time  
In fruitless ribaldry and rhyme,  
On Criticks, Poets, Players?  
The Ministers of State, you say,  
Would gladly take me into pay;  
And none so good as theirs.

B

I thank

I thank ye, — but I've had to do  
With Ministers, as well as you,  
And know they're wond'rous civil ;  
'They'll promise places for your pains,  
But care not, when they've suck'd your brains,  
If you were at the devil.

Did war, or rude rebellion, shake  
The court, and make the city quake,  
I then my pen might draw :  
Not in these piping times of peace,  
When wealth with taxes must increase,  
And freedom's fix'd by law.

I once, indeed, did such a thing,  
To serve my country and my king,  
And of my own accord,  
A king, who had the grace and spirit  
To know his friends, and loyal merit  
Could liberally reward.

But since (for truth may dare be just)  
False policy hath given disgust ;  
While Nature's powerful charms  
Woo'd me, those hidden paths t'explore,  
Which Locke and Newton trod before  
And won me to her arms.



Not but, relaxing now and then,  
Philosophy lays down the pen ;  
When pictures, poems, plays,  
E'en musick's prostituted art,  
Engage the eye, the ear, the heart ;  
Amusing various ways.

Meanwhile, an hour, I'd rather fit,  
To look at Pritchard, from the pit,  
Than kiss the papal toe ;  
Nay, rather than a monarch's hand,  
For Garrick there would even stand  
'Till I could hardly go.

While thus amus'd, and thus employ'd,  
Life wears away not unenjoy'd,  
Tho' free from ill intention :  
Good providence, but give me health,  
I envy no man's wit or wealth,  
Nor pine for place or pension.

Let others write to please the rabble,  
In hopes some ministerial squabble  
May pluck the fools a feather :  
Believe me, I am no such fool,  
Like ———, to be made the tool,  
Of knaves and fools together.

## F I N E S I G H T S;

OR THE COUNTESS OF C-----Y, IN ELYSIUM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLX.

ON the banks of the Styx, as a beautiful ghost,  
 In resemblance the shade of the Goddess of Love,  
 Was revolving the days, when a countess and toast  
 She flaunted about in the regions above.

News arriv'd, which soon made all Elysium to ring,  
 That the Fates a great monarch had summon'd to rest,  
 In calling Old England's late father and king  
 To a crown of reward in the realms of the blest.

My lady was vex'd to be robb'd of th' occasion,  
 By dying before him so mal-a-propos,  
 Of seeing his royal young heir's coronation;  
 And making a party herself in the show.

She therefore in haste skipt away to the ferry,—  
 “Here, Charon, you're empty, come take over me;  
 “I'm resolv'd to go back to the world in your wherry,  
 “The only fine sight I e'er miss'd of, to see.”

Old Charon most civilly bow'd to my lady ;  
Stept out of his wherry and handed her in ;  
But, finding she wanted a pass, was as ready,  
Her ladyship roughly to turn out again.

Then skudding away to the court in a hurry,  
Direct, for a passport, to Pluto she ran ;  
And put madam Proserpine into a flurry,  
Who thought she was come to seduce her good  
man.

Gloomy Dis grimly smil'd at the lady's request,  
But more at her whimsical motive and reason ;  
And, having malignly a mind for a jest,  
Represented her suit as a thing out of season.

I cannot, said he, lady fair, with a frown,  
Indulge ev'ry ghost in it's wanton desire,  
But if for their sakes, wife or husband come down,  
I then might restore the fond souls they require.

Since Orpheus, however, in risk of his life,  
Long ago made us stare with his musick and  
passion,  
Not a soul hath come down, or for husband or wife ;  
So that journies of this kind are quite out of  
fashion.

Yet, as you're a beauty, the favour I grant ye ;  
But wherefore again should you covet on earth,  
To mix with a crowd, that perhaps only want ye  
To make you the theme of impertinent mirth ?

Besides, pretty lady, you're greatly mistaken,  
If pleasure you promise yourself in the sight ;  
For, unseen by your friends, by admirers forsaken,  
There's none will regard an impalpable spright.

Nay, nay, quoth the countess, if that be the case,  
Take your passport again ; I'll have no more  
chagrin ;

A fig for fine fights, if unseen one's fine face ;  
What signifies seeing if one is not seen ?

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK,  
ON THE REPORT OF HIS HAVING LEFT THE STAGE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXV.

SO! Mr. Garrick! is it true,  
As folks report, the stage and you  
Took a French leave, at parting?  
We hop'd th' Italian air and diet  
Had quite restor'd your health and quiet,  
And made you keen for starting.

In vain we listen'd to the tales  
Brought over by the foreign mails,  
That you were home returning;  
To see your name in capitals,  
Stuck up on tavern-posts, and walls,  
With fond impatience burning!

Your wish'd arrival vain to boast,  
If, never enter'd at the post,  
You shun the race of glory!  
As well you might have travell'd on,  
From Pope to Turk, to Prester John:  
The world was all before ye.

For to be plain Sir, entre nous,  
'Twas not about your wife or you

We all were so solicitous :

You might as well be there as here,  
If, as king Richard, Bayes, or Lear,  
You mean no more to visit us.

Your friends, if friends they are, indeed,

Your spirit or your spleen may plead,

From acting to excuse ye ;

But, spite of what your friends declare

We, your admirers, cannot bear

To get you thus to lose ye.

'Tis true, they make a mighty stir

About you, as a manager,

Intent on reformation ;

Busy instructing, in their parts,

In clap-trap attitudes and starts,

The rising generation.

But ah ! in vain removed from sight

The candles, to improve the light,

Tho' pleas'd the pit immensely !

If all your pupils need the rod

As much as fiddle-faddle ---,

Or blustering, bouncing -----.

To those, who ne'er have Garrick seen,  
Such acting may not give the spleen :

To me, it is the devil,  
To sit three hours, my noddle bare,  
To see your ----- rant and tear,  
And hear that ----- snivel !

I, often as I come to town,  
In order to spare you a crown,  
Dine gratis, with my printer ;  
But, damn it, if I'm doom'd to see  
Such mummers play, instead of thee,  
I'll come no more this winter.

THE



## ON THE INVESTIGATION OF TRUTH.

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

**T**OO long have childish bards, too long,  
 Their hours employ'd in idle song ;  
 Busied the lineaments to trace  
 Of wither'd Fiction's painted face ;  
 Where not a native beauty blows,  
 But cankers eat the budding rose !  
 Yet, captive to her smiles and wit,  
 Pleas'd with their chains, her slaves have writ,  
 And all the labour'd pomp of verse  
 Employ'd, her fables to rehearse ;  
 While thou, O sacred Truth ! remain  
 The theme of ev'ry humbler strain.  
 And yet, believe what each pretends,  
 And num'rous are her rhyming friends !  
 While such her fond admirers prove,  
 And tune their rival songs to love.  
 But, fools in fondness as in awe,  
 The truth, 'tis plain, they never saw ;  
 And but themselves her lovers boast,  
 Because her name the public toast ;  
 Still playing a fictitious part ;  
 No real passion at the heart,

For



For say, what lover's passion's true  
 For beauty that he never knew?  
 So eastern monarch's love their wives,  
 Tho' barren strangers all their lives.  
 So lov'd la Mancha's famous knight  
 The Fair, for whom he swore to fight;  
 Fir'd by th' enthusiastic rage,  
 With men and monsters to engage.  
 Yet ask'd, for whom this martial strife  
 He never saw her in her life:  
 Nor was he positive, God wot,  
 Whether, indeed, she liv'd or not.  
 Thus bards too oft, in truth's defence,  
 Break through the rules of common sense;  
 And, o'er his rival, each, t'aspire,  
 Strives which shall prove the greatest liar:  
 Strange to the liberty of thought,  
 Vile slaves! but seeking to be bought,  
 To lying faction early train'd,  
 A purchase by the truth disdain'd.  
 Mean-time, as insolent as vain,  
 They freedom's sacred name profane,  
 And, boasting, hug the chains that bind  
 That worst of slaves, the servile mind,  
 Such, Dryden, thou immortal bard,  
 Whose genius claims supreme regard;

How honour'd, might not truth accuse  
Thy venal, prostituted muse.

Say'st thou 'tis strange the world should rest  
Content, by falsehood thus depress'd ?  
Alas, thou little know'st mankind,  
Who, seeing, imitate the blind ;  
In spite of truth and open day,  
In darkness choose to grope their way ;  
Suspecting plainness of disguise,  
The obvious sense of terms despise ;  
From sound or derivation gleaning  
Some far-fetch'd, dark and doubtful meaning :  
While each impostor's word prevails  
In mystic parables and tales ;  
Neglected e'en the word divine,  
If with it sense and reason join.

Look back through each successive age ;  
How honour'd the mysterious page !  
What millions have been the tools  
Of knaves, whose nat'ral prey is fools !  
How strangely trick'd deluded crowds  
Who, truth expecting from the clouds,  
And therefore gaping into th' air,  
On error stumbled unaware !  
Thus an astrologer of old,  
In learned history we're told,

Contem-

Contemplating the milky way,  
 Neglected that before him lay;  
 And, led by wand'ring planets, fell,  
 Unluckily into a well.  
 Yet e'er with slander branding those  
 Who seek the naked truth t' expose,  
 Short-sighted mortals, in their pride,  
 Thus strive their ignorance to hide;  
 By holding all beyond their view  
 Beyond investigation too.

Lorenzo, our misfortune here  
 Th' effect of idleness and fear.  
 The sluggard shuns inquiry's task,  
 Because too great the pains to ask;  
 Stifling th' emotions of his breast,  
 T' indulge his lazy brains in rest.

A paradox, yet such the fact,  
 More fear to think than fear to act;  
 In thought, tho' danger we surmise,  
 In act while real danger lies.  
 In truth, my friend, 'tis sad to find  
 Hence rise the zeal of half mankind;  
 Religion but the compound vice  
 Of indolence and cowardice.  
 Ev'n pious christians, much I fear,  
 Are practically atheists here.

How deaf and blind to calls of grace  
When nature wears a smiling face,  
But when she frowns, in wild amaze  
Look how th' affrighted cowards gaze !  
When clouds drop fatness on the plains,  
In mildly-soft descending rains ;  
In their due season harvests smile,  
And plenty crowns the peasant's toil :  
As nothing rare, as nothing new,  
We take the blessing as our due.  
For O ! prosperity's a lot  
At ease enjoy'd, with ease forgot.  
In june's warm sun and april's shower  
We trace not an almighty power :  
Ingrates ! so light of heav'n we make,  
Nor think the hand that gives may take.  
But ah ! when threat'ning storms arise ;  
When thunders rattle through the skies ;  
When the tall mountain bows its head,  
And earthquakes vomit up the dead ;  
Behold whole nations prostrate fall  
Before the mighty God of all.  
T' appease his anger now their care,  
Lo, all is fasting, sighs and pray'r ;  
Till, the dread storm blown haply o'er,  
They rise and revel as before,  
Forget, or ridicule, the rod ;  
And laugh to scorn the fear of God.

Nor only mov'd when danger's nigh,  
 Our fears awake the gen'ral cry;  
 Imaginary scenes, alike,  
 The dastard soul with terror strike;  
 While to the coward's opticks seem  
 Light straws as each a giant's beam.  
 In honour thus of God above,  
 So weakly draw the cords of love;  
 While nature's groans, or fancy's fears,  
 Drive headlong down the vale of tears.

Lorenzo, wouldst thou freely trace  
 Whence grows a cowardice so base?  
 At th' early dawn of moral sense  
 Th' infatuation did commence;  
 And, propagated since by art,  
 We all have, more or less, a part.

Ere hermit bald or pilgrim grey  
 Had worn the solitary way;  
 Ere yet the monk had told his beads;  
 Ere yet credulity or creeds;  
 To school, with sober Reason sent,  
 Young Genius to Experience went.  
 The latter, tho' as yet, 'tis true,  
 No wiser than the former two,  
 In charge the tender pupils took,  
 And with them read in Nature's book.

So pedagogues, unletter'd, use  
No class of blockheads to refuse ;  
But gravely undertake t' explain  
The arts themselves must first attain ;  
Sufficient if the master goes  
Before his blundering pupil's nose.  
Careful his vacant hours t' employ,  
Now Reason prov'd a hopeful boy:  
But Genius, insolent and wild,  
By nature an assuming child,  
A treach'rous memory his lot,  
The little that he learn'd forgot ;  
Nor gave himself a moments pain  
To con his lessons o'er again ;  
But, trusting to his forward parts,  
Debauch'd with wit the sister-arts ;  
Who, yet unsettled, young and frail,  
Enamour'd, listen'd to his tale ;  
And, since the cause of dire disputes,  
Turn'd out abandon'd prostitutes :  
By priest and prophet, once enjoy'd,  
To basest purposes employ'd ;  
For ages past, their only use  
To vitiate reason or traduce.  
For this, Tradition foremost came,  
Instruction was her maiden name,  
Now grown a smooth-tongu'd slipp'ry jade,  
An arrant mistress of her trade.



She told the stories, o'er and o'er,  
That Genius told the Arts before,  
Repeating lies, as liars do,  
Till in the end they think them true;  
And when detected in her lie,  
“ Myst'ry”—the biter's arch reply.

By this fine dame our mothers taught,  
Their scheme of education wrought;  
So train'd us early to deceit,  
To look on Reason as a cheat;  
To lies first tun'd the op'ning ear;  
Awoke our earliest sense to fear;  
With monsters and chimeras vain,  
Fill'd the soft head and turn'd the brain;  
Till the fond fools, to top their part,  
Fix'd the rank coward at the heart.  
Nor with our growing years releas'd;  
The nurse but moulds us for the priest;  
Who, lest his ward, grown sly or stout,  
Should find the knavish secret out,  
The bugbear from his reach removes,  
And all th' old woman's tale improves.  
Passions more riotous to quell,  
Chang'd the dark hole for darker hell,  
The truant damn'd for naughty play,  
Black-monday now's the judgment-day;

In promise, hopes, for toys, are given,  
And endless holidays in heav'n.

The groundless fear and vain desire,  
Which hence mankind in youth acquire,  
How deeply rooted do we find;  
How fix'd th' impressions on the mind!  
The weakness of those childish fears,  
Too oft increasing with our years;  
While ev'ry infant joy and strife,  
Improv'd, is carried into life!  
For see the idiot and the wise,  
Each from his own fond shadow flies;  
Like curs, that run till nature fails!  
A bladder fasten'd to their tails.

With idle fears the world t' abuse,  
Assistant here th' inventive muse;  
The tale of wonder early taught,  
When playful, young, and void of thought,  
By strolling Fancy led astray,  
The vagrant troul'd the jovial lay.  
Alas! of mirth and pleasure cur'd,  
To horror's brownest shade inur'd;  
By love of wonder since betray'd,  
To lend fantastic Spleen her aid:  
For whom her numbers, sad and slow,  
In dismal melancholly flow;

Condemn'd



Condemn'd to murmur all the day;  
To sigh and groan the midnight lay;  
The skull, the spade, the shroud, the herse,  
The doleful implements of verse;  
Or doom'd prepost'rous tales to tell,  
By brain-sick Fiction brought from hell.  
For know th' unwary muse was caught  
While Fiction yet her friend was thought;  
A hag, by Ignorance badly nurs'd,  
With craving appetite accurs'd,  
To Spleen's embrace, while yet a maid,  
The dire chlorosis had betray'd.  
Since when, the wretch has roam'd abroad,  
Her sullen tyrant's willing bawd;  
A vile procurefs, to supply  
The love of wonder with a lie.  
Hence bards, that reason less than rail,  
Affect to tell the woeful tale;  
Or vent their moralizing rage;  
As bugbears of a fearful age;  
To truth pretending to be led  
By megrims in the sick man's head;  
As if with zeal prophetic burn'd  
The wretch whose blister'd head was turn'd;  
The fittest those the truth to teach,  
By fevers half-depriv'd of speech;  
Whose fault'ring tongues most loud complain,  
When death or doctors shake the brain.

Nor seldom, by transition led  
From dying moralists to dead,  
Tristful, in hypocondres vex'd,  
The musing parson chews his text ;  
Some solemn scene of dulness fought,  
To aid his rectitude of thought ;  
The murky vaults, the haunted cells,  
Where moping Melancholy dwells,  
And Fear, that kneels in piteous plight,  
Her straggling hair all bolt upright.  
Fit comrades these as e'er could chuse  
The splenetic or maudlin muse ;  
Her doleful ditties proud to sing  
Where sadness spreads her dusky wing ;  
Where croaks the syren of the lake  
The light-of-heart from ease to wake ;  
And solemn owls, in concert grave,  
Join hoot the worldly-wise to save.

'Twas thus enthusiastic Young ;  
'Twas thus affected Hervey sung ;  
Whose motley muse, in florid strain,  
With owls did to the moon complain ;  
Clear'd at the morn her raven throat,  
To sound the glibber magpy's note.  
Mean-while Religion gravely smil'd  
To see grown Piety a child ;

In leading-strings to find her led,  
By those her fost'ring hand had bred.  
For why confin'd the moral muse,  
To blasted oaks or baleful yews;  
O'er graves to make fantastick moan,  
And deepen Horror's dismal groan?  
Say, hath alone the mould'ring tomb  
For pious Meditation room?  
Ah! wont with meek-eyed Peace to rove,  
Through church-way path or silent grove;  
Her grateful influence round her shed,  
Where groan the sick, or sleep the dead;  
With truth and soberness serene,  
Enliv'ning ev'ry solemn scene;  
Disarming Terror of it's pow'r,  
To wander at the midnight hour;  
Sweet Philomel, harmonious spright,  
The only spectre of the night.  
Can love of truth impose the task,  
To lurk beneath a gorgon mask;  
To stalk, in garb terrific clad,  
And scowl the weak and wicked mad;  
Or drive the wretch, o'erwhelm'd with care,  
In godly frenzy, to despair?  
Is folly vice, fear makes it worse;  
Reflection is the coward's curse:  
Unless remorse in mercy given,  
To damn self-murderers to heaven.

Why, then, is fought the midnight shade  
From vice or falsehood to dissuade?  
Is night less vicious than the day?  
Doth error guide the solar ray?  
Or is exhal'd, like morning dew,  
The moral object or the true?  
O, most ridiculous the scene,  
Where superstition feeds the spleen;  
Where the grey spectre stalks to view,  
As burns th' expiring taper blue;  
Or dances o'er the dizzy sight  
The form of many a dreadful sight:  
Mean-while a victim to his fears  
The moon-struck moralist appears.  
For when the brain wild fancy fires;  
Reason most prudently retires.  
As sober men from drunkards part,  
For such companions griev'd at heart.

Awes, then, with tremulous restraint  
The painted urn or plaster saint?  
Humbles the mutilated bust  
The rotten sinner to the dust?  
Lorenzo, here, no error make,  
Nor cowardice for conscience take.  
Alas, repentance, void of root,  
May blossom fair yet fail of fruit:

Attrition vain and insincere  
Mere weakness all, unmanly fear.

In the dark grove what horror reigns  
To chill the blood in Chiron's \* veins,  
When th' ignis-fatuus glares, by night,  
Terrific witchcraft to his fight ;  
Or, animated by his fears,  
Alive the fresh-lopp'd elm appears ;  
A giant ghost the dreadful bush,  
Shook by some formidable thrush,  
That nightly perching on its breast,  
Securely builds or tends her nest ;  
While on the next tremendous spray,  
The nightingale repeats her lay :  
Th' heroic titmouse or the wren  
Less timid than the sons of men ;  
Who yet to conscience give the lie,  
And dare the pow'r of truth defy.

For know, no tremour can impart  
Conviction to the skeptick's heart :  
Nor takes, like agues, in a fright,  
Trembling Impiety its flight.

\* A modern Centaur — See the preface to a book entitled the  
Centaur not fabulous.

Behold the tyrant's iron hand,  
That holds in chains a captive land;  
In whose firm grasp imprison'd lies  
Bold freedom, struggling as it dies;  
Crush'd by whose weight the monarch bleeds,  
And sceptres break like blighted reeds:  
See this strong hand let fall the rod,  
And tremble if the bulrush nod;  
Belshazzar's like, enervate fall,  
If laid a finger on the wall:  
The wretch of God nor man afraid,  
Yet trembling at an empty shade!

Nor only fear th' immoral crew;  
The coward Pious tremble too;  
Philosophy herself a fool,  
Attended by her nurse to school.  
Such dupes to fear, at times, we find  
The best, the wisest of mankind!  
For Oh! what antidote so strong  
As poison that has work'd so long!  
What drug eradicates the pest,  
Suck'd from the mother's tainted breast?  
In vain the doctor we may try;  
No doctor's fee our cure can buy:  
Tho, tampering with the dire disease,  
Licentiates mock with present ease;

And



And emp'ricks, salving ev'ry fore,  
With nostrums make it rage the more.

Sayst thou, in policy, afraid  
To spoil the priest's and lawyer's trade,  
The statesman, topping the divine,  
Supports with pow'r the same design ;  
To keep th' inquisitive in awe,  
Smacking his long-tail'd whip, the law ;  
Still thund'ring in the vulgar ear  
Implicit faith and groundless fear :  
The nostrums these of church and state ;  
To make a nation good and great.

Thus forfeit patriots that pretence  
They make, as men, to common-sense ?  
Can ignorance be understood  
As needful to the public good ;  
That free inquiry such decry ;  
And boast their salutary lie ?  
Or, are they here by habit led,  
And innovation's tumult dread ?  
So sacred held the stated rules  
Of Custom, law-giver to fools !  
Yet Custom's rules caprice has broke,  
And turn'd her statutes into joke ;  
Nor boast her laws, however old,  
Resistance to the pow'r of gold.

Shall Science, then, still drag her chain,  
And sigh for liberty in vain?  
Forbid it heav'n ! that thus the mind,  
By tyrant policy confin'd,  
Should bow while Falsehood bears the sway,  
And give the cause of Truth away.  
Is this, Lorenzo, to be free?  
Are these the sweets of liberty?  
That glorious priv'lege yours and mine,  
In our own sties, like sensual swine,  
At will to grumble, eat and drink ;  
But ah, prohibited to think !  
Our nobler appetites denied  
Their proper food, and damn'd for pride ;  
Forbad our reason to employ ;  
Depriv'd of each sublimer joy ;  
Robb'd of the privilege to know ;  
Man's chief prerogative below !

May Britons boast, of all mankind,  
The nobler fortitude of mind ;  
To set blind prejudice apart ;  
To rend th' old woman from the heart ;  
To laugh at blind tradition's rules,  
The mother and the nurse of fools ?  
Have they with blood so dearly bought  
Their boasted privilege of thought ;



To throw like school-boys, tir'd with play,  
 The long disputed prize away?  
 Ah! had not custom often fail'd,  
 What barbarism had still prevail'd?  
 Deaf to the call of truth and grace,  
 Denying reformation place,  
 What lengths still stubborn faith had run,  
 To end what madd'ning zeal begun?  
 In honour still of Moloch's name,  
 Our children might have pass'd the flame;  
 By persecution's faggot rais'd,  
 Religious fires in Smithfield blaz'd;  
 Or now, as in a Stuart's reign,  
 Been dy'd with blood Ierne's plain.

Nay still how prepossess'd we find  
 With pious falsehoods half mankind.  
 Think from the stake how late repriev'd  
 Wretches, no charity reliev'd:  
 Oh horror! to the slaughter led,  
 For wearing rags and wanting bread;  
 Doom'd by inhuman, legal rage  
 Martyrs to poverty and age\*.

\* The unhappy victims to an act of parliament, not long since  
 repealed, by virtue of which many hundreds of poor wretches were  
 formerly hanged, or burnt, for witchcraft.

See still th' enthusiastic band  
Cant, whine, and madden o'er the land;  
By scripture-craz'd fanaticks led,  
Whitfield or Westley, at their head.  
See ev'n the learning of our schools  
Perverted to bewilder fools;  
The words of plainness to disguise,  
And baffle reason with surprize;  
While truth and nature plead in vain  
Against the comment of Romaine\*.  
Ah! think how fatal, soon or late,  
Such crazy members to the state:  
How dang'rous to the public weal  
Blind ignorance and foolish zeal.  
Reflect in what a dreadful hour  
Nonsense usurp'd the hand of power;  
When puritans the land o'er-run,  
And sacrilege was pious fun:  
While wretches for their country's good,  
Dipt their vile hands in royal blood!

Is ignorance the curse of God?  
Avert good Heav'n th' impending rod!  
O leave, ye patriots, leave the mind  
In search of knowledge unconfin'd:

\* A famous Hutchinsonian divine, of the church of England.

Left Truth your cunning should despise,  
 Returning to its native skies;  
 Good policy to truth's ally'd;  
 By science guided, not its guide.

Cease too, ye bards, so wond'rous wise,  
 T' instruct by means you should despise,  
 In sober sadness, much too long  
 Mankind have listen'd to your song;  
 Have strain'd the mental eye, to see  
 Your false, fantastic imag'ry;  
 With gaudy colours glaring bright,  
 To captivate the vulgar sight;  
 The gaping idiot's grin of praise,  
 Or stare of ignorance to raise:  
 Nay, tho' approv'd your moral ends,  
 Ye still are truth's mistaken friends,  
 Ah! full as dang'rous to her cause,  
 As even those who spurn her laws.

No visionary fears intrude  
 Where triumphs moral rectitude.  
 Truth all the artifice disdains  
 Of dungeons deep, and clanking chains;

\* If men were not to declare their opinions in spite of establishments, either in church or state, truth would be soon banished the earth. Dedication to Essay on Spirit,

Skulks

Skulks not in life's sequester'd way ;  
But walks abroad in open day.  
'Tis Falschhood, her grim face to hide,  
Shuffles on nature's darkest side;  
Baffling, in Terror's murky den,  
The scrutiny of honest men.

THE

## THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

A FABLE.

THE HINT FROM HELVETIUS.

ONCE on a time, or story lies,  
A deity forsook the skies ;  
And rambling, curious, up and down,  
Enter'd, at length, an Afric town !  
Where liv'd a tribe of mortals black,  
With each a hump upon his back ;  
A burthen common to the nation  
Thro' each such successive generation.

The comely god, well-shap'd and fair,  
March'd forward with a graceful air ;  
While, gathering round, the gaping throng  
Wonder'd, and hooted him along.  
This gave a kick, and that a thump ;  
All crying, Where's the fellow's hump ?  
The females too, among the rest,  
Their detestation loud express'd ;  
While luscious jokes were cut and crack'd,  
To see a man so slender back'd ;  
Eager each flirt to have a fling,  
At such a pale fac'd ugly thing.

Nay

Nay, heav'n knows where their taunts had ended,  
 If fate the god had not befriended.  
 But so, it chanc'd, a sober sage  
 Advanc'd, rever'd for sense and age ;  
 Made wise by time and observation,  
 His knowledge glean'd from ev'ry nation :  
 He whites had seen, as well as blacks,  
 No mountains bearing on their backs ;  
 And knew, from reasons consequential,  
 Colour and form were not essential.  
 Yet still too wise to call in doubt  
 The wisdom of the rabble rout :  
 He thus, the stranger to protect,  
 Address'd the mob with due respect.  
 " O give, my friends, your insults o'  
 " Nor vex this hapless creature more :  
 " What tho' before our eyes we see  
 " A lump of fair deformity ;  
 " Not e'en a mole-hill on his shoulder,  
 " To captivate one black beholder ;  
 " But like an unshap'd log he stands,  
 " Unfinish'd left by nature's hands ;  
 " Yet mock him not, in cruel pride,  
 " For wanting what the gods deny'd :  
 " 'Tis affectation makes the fool ;  
 " No object this of ridicule.  
 " It might have been your fate or mine,  
 " To want the human hump divine ;  
 " And

And each of us, an ugly sight,  
Might have flat-shoulder'd been, and white:  
If therefore heav'n, to us so kind,  
Gives the protuberance behind,  
Thanks to the gods with fervour pay,  
But send this wretch unhurt away."

The mob, on ev'ry word intent,  
With some few murmurings gave consent ;  
When now the sage the god address'd,  
And thus dismiss'd the injur'd guest.

" On earth a welcome wouldst thou find,  
" Go hence, and learn to know mankind.  
" In other lands thy form and face  
" May challenge comeliness and grace ;  
" But here to beauty are we blind,  
" If wanting of a hump behind.  
" Thus ev'ry nation, ev'ry tribe,  
" Peculiar sentiments imbibe ;  
" And beauty, virtue, sense, lay claim  
" To little more than empty name ;  
" Varied in every clime and nation,  
" As suits the general situation.  
" Hence, judging each by diff'rent rules,  
" They think each other knaves or fools ;  
" While no defect or vice is known,  
" Unless it differ from their own.



- " To turn the shafts of scorn aside,  
 " Then take this maxim for your guide :  
 " Go where you will, be sure to wear  
 " The gen'ral hump the people bear :  
 " He's ne'er accounted fool or rogue,  
 " Whose vice or folly is in vogue."

NO doubt ere this, the magazine

Your monthly column for the light

Had reach'd your hands at K

The list of deaths of count, you've read

Turn'd up your eyes, and look'd your head

And cry'd, good-lack-a-day!

But, having not select'd it in

That in your editorial will,

I should be quite forgotten

I'm thinking now the folks will say

If kindly you should make me say

Of one, thought dead and gone

A F A

There, to prevent mistakes, I send

To state my debt, as usual, to you

His magazine will bear

So the main'd subject, need the less

Just may be brought to pass

Alas for every one

## A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND:

OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S SEEING HIS NAME  
IN THE LIST OF DEATHS IN A MAGAZINE.

NO doubt, ere this, the magazine,  
Your monthly nostrum for the spleen,  
Hath reach'd your hands at K.  
The list of deaths, of course, you've read,  
Turn'd up your eyes, and shook your head,  
And cry'd, good-lack-a-day!

But, having not deserv'd so ill,  
That in your testamental will,  
I should be quite forgotten,  
I'm thinking how the folks will stare,  
If kindly you should make an heir  
Of one, thought dead and rotten.

Thus, to prevent mistakes, I send  
T' assure my best, my worthiest friend,  
His magazine tells lies:  
So the maim'd soldier, 'mong the slain,  
Just ready to be stripp'd, in pain,  
Aloud for mercy cries.

For men may lose a limb, or wife,  
 Yet lead a not-unpleasant life,  
 Nor pine away with sorrow :  
 Hearty as any buck alive,  
 And little more than thirty-five,  
 Why may'nt I live to-morrow ?

I hear you, clearing up your brow,  
 Reply, " You live ! wild Coz—but how ?  
 " How live you?—Tell me that.  
 " For tho' perhaps I am not willing  
 " To cut you off with just a shilling,  
 " If said, 'tis done ; that's flat.

" Pray, tell me ; are you rich or poor ?  
 " Can't keep the wolf-dogs from the door ?  
 " How stand you with his grace ?  
 " How comes it such quick parts as yours  
 " Get not some pretty fine-cures,  
 " A pension, or some place ?"

Why faith, good Sir, to tell you true,  
 I wish I were as rich as you :  
 But, prodigal in grain,  
 At school my little weekly cash  
 Went all in whips, and tops, and trash,  
 Improvident of gain.

Nor,

Nor, growing up, did e'er I chuse  
 For lords to fetch and carry news,  
 Like spaniels for a crust.  
 With bread by labour earn'd, I'd rather  
 Keep soul and body just together,  
 Till dust return to dust.

Contented I can sit me down,  
 Snug in the midst of this vile town,  
 As in a village cot;  
 Treat e'en our patriots with a sneer,  
 See W - - - s a wanderer, P - - t a peer;  
 Preferring neither's lot.

Can see at ease (while oft a friend  
 Calls in a leisure hour to spend,  
 And nurse my winter's fire)  
 Rich knaves in gilded coaches roll,  
 And truly pity, from my soul,  
 What half the world admire.

Not that I've learn'd in stoic school  
 To live and move by line and rule:  
 No.—If I had it, friend,  
 My lavish soul could give away,  
 With rapture, more in half a day,  
 Than dukes in years could spend.

For others have I drawn a bill?  
 I've paid it—or—I owe it still;  
 And want no credit yet.  
 You know what Milton's devil says,  
 " True gratitude, tho nought it pays,  
 " Is ever out of debt."

My youthful errors, then, forgive;  
 And know I live, and how I live;  
 Imprudently, 'tis true:  
 But there, my friend, the difference lies,  
 Between the witty and the wife,  
 Between your coz and you.

## THE POLITICAL MAGNET.

## A SIMILE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVI.

LODG'D in the northern pole, the wise

Affirm a potent loadstone lies,

Of universal sway:

So, in the world of politicks,

B ---, the great magnet, there they fix,

Whose influence all obey.

Why then, ye grumblers, do you snarl

To see your patriot made an earl;

And rais'd o'er sin and shame?

C - - - - -'s unalterable soul,

True as the needle to the pole,

Is evermore the same.

What, tho' he veer'd from side to side,

'Twixt popularity and pride,

Unsettled in his notions;

Ev'n so the needle quiv'ring plays,

And eastward oft, and westward strays,

Tho' constant in its motions.

See and confess its genuine worth,  
 When, plainly pointing to the North,  
 Its wav'ring all is o'er:  
 Thus to the pole of politicks  
 At length, lo, P ---, in C --- sticks,  
 And veers about no more.



AN ALLITERATIVE DESCRIPTION  
OF AN ALLITERATIVE BARD.

AS in the gutter struts the carrion crow,  
So stalks, in sable state, stiff, solemn, slow,  
Writhing his wriggling rump from side to side,  
In all the pimping pomp of priestly pride,  
Pert parson -----, poet, pedant, prig;  
No bard so bright, no bachelor so big !  
Far-fam'd for frippery, frothy, futile fun;  
Peerless at puerile repartee and pun ;  
By nature, niggling, niggardly, and nice ;  
By art, pragmatic, primitive, precise ;  
A simpering sinner, simple-seeming saint ;  
Queer, quackish, quibbling, querulous and quaint ;  
So fine, so finicking, so deft, so feat  
His numbers soft, his style so silver-sweet !  
Hence flush'd with fancied gifts from all the graces,  
He boasts their favours, tho unseen their faces ;  
While, self-sufficient, in fantastic strains,  
He vents th' Effusions of his barren brains ;  
Scribbles the senseless, sentimental tale  
Of mincing minx in Mes'potamia's vale ;  
Publicly prostitutes preposterous praise,  
In languid, labour'd, lulling, lying lays ;  
Pens penny-pilfering puffs for paultry pay,  
And gives egregious egotisms away ;

With

With bare-fac'd eulogies himself addresses ;  
 Vaunting, each muse the virtuous bard caresses.  
 Vamping vile verses, vapid, vague, jejune,  
 He rings his jingling chimes, to time and tune,  
 Or decks in plunder'd plumes, and sets to sale,  
 His green-goose waddling with a peacock's tail ;  
 Poor plagiary ! tho' pitiful, yet proud,  
 Scorning to stop till stop-thief's cried aloud ;  
 Friend to the faithful, formal, starch and shy,  
 He sneers with scepticks, shrewd, severe and fly,  
 Or, coaxing doubting deists to believe,  
 Laughs at each credulous christian in his sleeve ;  
 Forges, forsooth, fanatic fribbling letters,  
 And plays the critick on the bards, his betters ;  
 In fulminations by bell, book, and taper,  
 Anath'matizes harmless ink and paper,  
 And contumeliously, with captious curses,  
 Damns blund'ring blockheads bawling bell-men's  
                   verses ;

While thus, to crude caprice a carping tool,  
 He, spite of scripture, calls his brother, fool :  
 Power, name and fame, mean time, he knows to prize,  
 Nor thinks he e'er can stoop too low, to rise !  
 Subservient hence, to give offence in fear,  
 He censures nought by prelate wrote, or peer ;  
 But servile, sneaking, trimming, meek and mean,  
 Veers with each wind, and shifts with every scene :

By venal views thus set his virtues blazing, and with  
 He says and does what's really most amazing,  
 Kisses foul J--n's breech; and, on like plan,  
 Calls Gl--st--r's bishop a fine gentleman; in again  
 Says lean lord L--t--lt--n (such lies he'll tell ye) b--o  
 Keeps all the Nine in that lank sheath, his belly; his  
 Treats Alma mater like a common whore; his  
 Vow's B--te's a whig, and Scotland is not poor! poor  
 Slights Churchill's muse; whilst Ogilvie and Home,  
 With him, excell the bards of Greece and Rome. He  
 But is not he, who thus can act and write, a cox  
 A coxcomb, sycophant, and hypocrite? he

Laughs at the critic's errors,  
 Forgets, forgets, forgets the critic's errors,

And plays the critic on the bard, his betters;

In salutation, by bell, book, and taper,

A scath' mix'd, half ink and paper,

And contumeliously, with capious

Damns blundering blockheads bawling bell-men

verses;

While thus, to critic's rapine a caping fool,

He, spite of scorn, calls his brother, fool:

For, name and time mean time, he knows to prize

Not thinks he can scoop too low, to rise!

Subservient hence, to give offence in verse;

He censures thought by private wiles, or peers

But servile, flattery, cringing, mock and sneer

Veers with each wind, and shifts with every scene

## PITTY AND PROTEUS.

Mutatas dicere formas.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVII.

C Housing, cheating, chopping, changing,  
 Proteus round the world was ranging;  
 When a blast from Rumour came,  
 Reverberating ~~Charham's~~ name;  
 Fam'd afar for transformations,  
 Turns, trimming, tricks, tergiversations.

Proteus, piqu'd at the report,  
 Posted presently to court;  
 When, clapping on a Highland suit  
 To gain the countenance of ~~Bute~~,  
 He cring'd and sidled to the ring,  
 And made his bow unto ~~the King~~,  
 Then turning round and speaking loud,  
 He challeng'd ~~Charham~~ from the crowd.  
 " My lord, if you're a man, turn out;  
 " With ~~Townshend~~ oft I've had a bout;  
 " And Charles could match me to a hair,  
 " In changing into bull and bear:  
 " The deuce is in't, if you can be  
 " A match for Proteus more than he!"

In Pharoah's presence thus, we're told,  
 Ev'n Israel's chiefs were brav'd of old,  
 When Aaron's rod, to crown the jest,  
 Gap'd, gulp'd, and swallow'd up the rest.

The ring was clear'd, and Pitt began,  
 In form and presence of a man ;  
 Appearing in his pristine glory  
 A cornet, and a rory-tory ;  
 Declar'd himself Britannia's bully,  
 And tweak'd the nose of German cully :  
 Then ceas'd at once from talking big,  
 And turn'd a worming, wheedling whig ;  
 Clos'd with the royal predilections  
 For German generals and connections ;  
 Unsaid whate'er he said before,  
 And bore the form of man no more.

Through th' objects of the brute creation,  
 He next began his transformation :  
 By turns was hog, dog, cur and beagle,  
 A Russian bear, a Prussian eagle,  
 An English war-horse on full speed,  
 A prancing Hanoverian steed ?  
 The British lion now he roar'd ;  
 Now as a Smithfield bullock gor'd ;  
 Now a Camelion changing colour ;  
 A ravenous cormorant ne'er the fuller ;

From

From beast to bird, to fish from fowl,  
 A bustard now, and now an owl;  
 A trout, expecting to be tickled;  
 A salmon, — pity 'twas not pickled!  
 And if he saw the King but smile,  
 Was strait a snivelling crocodile.

While thus he play'd at fast and loose,  
 A Fox had mark'd him for a goose;  
 When, lifted up, he took his flight,  
 A mere machine, a paper-kite!  
 Fast to whose tail was tied a taper,  
 In lantern, also made of paper.  
 Lord! how this change amus'd the King!  
 For who do ye think had got the string?  
 Ev'n BUFFY, who guided, here and there,  
 This paste-board patriot in the air;  
 Blazing, a meteor in the skies,  
 Amazement to the vulgar eyes,  
 Of gaping gulls and credulous crowds,  
 Who see their favourite in the clouds,  
 And think by him to steer secure;  
 Their ministerial Cynosure!

But should he on our noddles fall,  
 God bless us! 'twere the devil and all!  
 For Proteus, struck with shame and wonder,  
 Owns his defeat and truckles under.



THE SNARLING PUG AND DANCING BEAR.

A FABLE. — BY A. J. B. A. F. A. B. L. E.  
And if he saw the ... but smile,

ADDRESSED TO MESSRS. HOGARTH AND CHURCHILL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXV.

LEST, Hogarth, thou should'st draw again  
Thy failing pencil 'gainst the pen ;  
Or Churchill, scorning to give out,  
Should prove less merciful than stout ;  
To an apt tale, an equal friend  
To both, requests you to attend.

Three sisters, daughters of the Town,  
(A family of some renown)  
Together liv'd, tho' single lives,  
Jangling as husbands and their wives.  
The first, like Tristram nam'd in haste,  
Was christen'd, by misnomer, Taste ;  
A splenetic and formal prude,  
Averse to all that's low or rude ;

Fainting at ev'ry odious jest,  
And starch as any quaker drest ;  
So nice, so finical, so quaint !  
No sinner sure so much a saint !

H T

For



For this was all a fair outside,  
 Her vice and vanity to hide.  
 The second a fantastic dame,  
 As modish in her dress as name;  
 A batter'd strumpet, Fashion hight,  
 The bane of many a living wight:  
 A grey coquet, whose magic pow'r  
 Tho' wasting with the present hour,  
 Her charms deciduous but decay,  
 To sprout again some future day;  
 While thus alternate youth and age,  
 By turns her votaries engage,  
 And still with constancy maintain  
 Her most inconstant tyrant reign.  
 The third, a female full of zeal,  
 Still flaming for the common-weal;  
 Tho' as her sister, Fashion, guides,  
 Alternate taking different sides;  
 Now a rank Tory, talking big,  
 And now a grumbling stedfast Whig.  
 Or, when no business of the nation  
 Sets her warm blood in fermentation,  
 As keen she flies at lower game,  
 A poet's or a painter's fame:  
 Alike she raves, alike she bounces,  
 About pink furbelows and flounces;  
 In every cause sincere and hearty,  
 Her name, as well as nature, Party.

Now ancient maids and barren wives,  
 Who lead unprofitable lives,  
 Full often keep (the devil rout 'em)  
 A pack of animals about 'em;  
 Dogs, cats, or monkies, substitutes  
 For children, oft less natural brutes.  
 Thus did our jarring sisters three,  
 Keep a well-stock'd menagerie;  
 Whither each quadruped and biped  
 By gentle treatment was invited;  
 Or bird or beast, or fair or frightful,  
 For the more strange, the more delightful.  
 Accordingly in numbers came,  
 Domestic, foreign, wild, and tame;  
 From Stade and Norway, noble rats;  
 From Italy, fine warbling cats;  
 Taught by Marcel himself to dance,  
 A troop of apes skipp'd o'er from France;  
 From Turkey, tutor'd in the east,  
 An Irish renegado beast,  
 That like a Bornean ape could swing,  
 And trot upon an iron string.  
 Next from St. Omer's learned college,  
 There came a prodigy of knowledge;  
 A Chien Sçavant, or dog of parts,  
 At least a bachelor of arts;  
 That knew the Greek and Latin better  
 Than all th' academy Belles-Lettres.

But more than all a dancing Bear  
And fav'rite Pug engag'd their care,  
'The latter, as a dog of merit,  
Was cherish'd for his former spirit ;  
For he, tho' now much past his prime,  
Had been an odd dog in his time ;  
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,  
And play a thousand comic tricks.  
Him had our ladies long preferr'd  
To be their doughty body-guard.  
Hence in the parlour was he plac'd,  
And with a silver collar grac'd ;  
On a soft velvet cushion seated,  
And by all three most kindly treated :  
Whence, growing insolent and proud,  
He growl'd so fierce, and bark'd so loud,  
That not another dog or cat  
About the house, dar'd smell a rat,  
Or set a foot into the parlour,  
For fear of this eternal snarler ;  
Who, like a greedy, envious elf,  
Lov'd no one creature but himself.

Rough Bruin, but as yet a cub,  
Unlick'd, and yet unwean'd from bub,  
Was boarded with a neighb'ring vicar,  
And nurtur'd with his fav'rite liquor.

Hence, growing sturdy and mischievous,  
He oft committed outrage grievous;  
Made a cat's paw of Tom's the mouser,  
And plagu'd to death poor harmless Touzer;  
Drown'd old Grimalkin, and in ire,  
Threw playful kittens in the fire.  
For, out of wantonness or spite,  
In mischief lay his sole delight;  
Tho' some excuse him, and will say,  
That what he did was but in play,  
The maggots of a dancing bear,  
To make the people hoot and stare;  
As if dame Nature form'd one half  
The world, to make the other laugh.  
At length, however, most unruly,  
He fell upon his keeper, truly!  
And, when corrected, threw him down,  
And trampled on the parson's gown;  
Made e'en a kennel of the church,  
And left his feeders in the lurch.  
Meanwhile, as strolling up and down,  
The sport and terror of the town,  
His brother brutes he chanc'd to see,  
That lodg'd in the menagerie.  
Here the first scene that caught his eye,  
Was a broad stage erected high;  
On which a set of mimic apes  
Play'd monkey-tricks in various shapes;

Grinn'd, chatter'd, laugh'd, and made such faces,  
That Bruin, piqu'd at their grimaces,  
Scrambled aloft, resolv'd to rout 'em,  
And with his bear's paws laid about him ;  
Hugging each monkey-dog and bitch,  
As loving Satan hugg'd the witch ;  
While the poor devils scream'd aloud,  
The jest and pity of the crowd.  
Next, in a neighb'ring charnel vault,  
He smok'd a pack of hounds at fault,  
By some spay'd bitch's nose misled,  
To snuffle there among the dead,  
In search of Fanny's knocking ghost,  
Of whom the scent in earth was lost.  
But Bruin never wanted scent  
After whatever game he went ;  
But smelt her out, and, to be doing,  
Fell foul upon a brother Bruin,  
Pomposo fam'd, as rude a bear,  
As e'er was shewn in Southwark fair ;  
Ill-favour'd, clumsy, and uncouth,  
The veriest monster of the booth.  
His waters Bruin closely watch'd :  
When hurt Pomposo, over-match'd,  
And fairly worsted in the fray,  
Growl'd, and turn'd tail, and slunk away.

Flush'd

Flush'd with success, and fond of fame,  
Now Bruin ran at higher game ;  
Nay some (tho' these we don't rely on)  
Pretend he dar'd t' attack the lion.  
But brutes, as well as men, 'tis known,  
Pay a due deference to the throne.  
Certain it is, he made fine sport  
Of th' o'ergrown jackals of the court,  
And caus'd the rest to quake for fear  
Around the country far and near.  
These triumphs envious Pug had seen,  
And, half-devour'd with spight and spleen,  
Another quadruped to see,  
More fear'd and mischievous than he ;  
Resolv'd t' assail this mighty beast,  
Or give himself such airs, at least,  
That folks might think he did not fear him,  
So growl'd whenever he came near him.  
His mistress Party, hence mistaken,  
Till much too late to save his bacon,  
Unequal match ! her fav'rite's ruin !  
Slipt poor presumptuous Pug at Bruin ;  
Unknowing that, tho' bark he might,  
His toothless gums no more could bite.  
But roughly-gentle Bruin seiz'd,  
And softly first old Puggy squeez'd ;  
Who, thinking all the mischief done  
His foe could do, kept barking on.



When now, enrag'd at hapless Pug,  
He gave him such a curs'd hug,  
That well nigh all his bones he broke,  
So dev'lish serious was the joke ;  
Then threw the limping snarler down,  
To howl and piss about the town.

Such ever is the fate of those,  
Who wantonly make folks their foes,  
Or, quarrelsome, provoke the fight  
With bravoës of superior might.  
And thus e'en Bruin's self may catch  
A tartar, who may prove his match ;  
And to some future tyger bow,  
As low as Pug to him doth now.

ON



O N H A P P I N E S S,  
AND THE INCAPACITY OF MANKIND FOR  
ITS ATTAINMENT.

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

DO wits this maxim still profess ?  
 “ That man was born for happiness ;  
 “ Tho tow’rs of hope he fondly raise,  
 “ Their structure lasting all his days :  
 “ In expectation ev’n possessing  
 “ The better half of ev’ry blessing ;  
 “ His bliss for ever in his view,  
 “ Whene’er he pleases to pursue.”  
 My friend, with care, such maxims weigh :  
 Nor run with giddy wits astray.  
 Genius, in search of truth may roam ;  
 But bliss, if found, is found at home :  
 To region, clime nor soil confin’d  
 This boasted seed of heav’nly kind.  
 Ah ! vainly boasted, if below  
 The plant celestial cannot grow !

Say sophists neither more nor less  
 Than happiness is happiness ;

Yet will they boast this state unknown,  
This bliss indefinite, their own?—  
The diff'rence plain 'twixt bliss and woe,  
Whate'er we feel we surely know :  
What state can, then, be ever thine  
Which sense nor science can define?

That man, by others is't confess'd,  
Ne'er is, but still is to be blest?  
Yet would they teach, in moral strain,  
How all may happiness attain?  
As well who ne'er was blest'd with light  
May boast the happiness of sight,  
The splendour of the solar ray;  
Or teach his comrades blind their way;  
As such to thee make ever known  
A state of being ne'er their own.

Dost thou to prove my judgment wrong  
In answer quote thy fav'rite song?  
True bliss, thy Pope, if we believe,  
All hands can reach, all heads conceive : \*  
The happiness of each confin'd,  
In truth, to that of all our kind.  
But terms so gen'ral nought define :  
The bliss of all not yours nor mine :

\* See Pope's Essay on Man.

For, yet distinctly's understood  
The public from the private good.  
Nor doth it prove this maxim right  
To say that both in one unite ;  
Unless their union be so plain  
That, seeking one, we both obtain ;  
Since th' individual, for himself,  
Applies to riot, fame or pelf :  
In spite of all the wise can say,  
We seek our blifs a sep'rate way ;  
Just as the present maggots bite,  
Take our own measures for the right ;  
Or, having no peculiar whim,  
Along the tide of custom swim.  
Mean-while, tho all of blifs dispute,  
None leave their darling substitute.  
“ How short of happiness is gold !”  
The miser cries ; yet keeps his hold.  
“ In women,” sighs the batter'd rake,  
“ What solid comfort can we take !”  
“ Ah ! what in wine ?” Silenus asks.  
Yet, cart the whore ; go, stave the casks.—  
“ How shall the sons of Comus live,  
“ If wine nor women life will give !”  
Thus public happiness our care  
But for our own peculiar share ;  
While sons their father's hopes traduce ;  
And here even patriotism's abuse.

However

However then the specious face  
Of wit may countenance the case,  
Bliss inconsistently we call  
The happiness of one and all.  
Nor is it yet precisely meant  
By good, ease, pleasure or content.  
Good might we variously explain.  
Ease is deliv'rance but from pain.  
Pleasure is actual joy confess'd ;  
And mere content but patient rest ;  
A neutral state, at best and worst,  
But negatively blest or curst :  
That which our happiness we call,  
Tho that nor this, the sum of all.  
The word's plain meaning's plainly this,  
Some constant state of actual bliss ;  
No matter whether in degree  
Alike bestow'd on you or me :  
Enough, if, void of fear or pain,  
No motive lead us to complain :  
Enough, whate'er the mode of joy,  
If such that it can never cloy.

Look round the world, and tell me true.  
Where is such happiness in view ?  
From monarchs fled, as sings the bard,  
His patron's virtue to reward,

Tell me, in truth, was St. John blest ?  
Or did the bitter bard but jest ;  
Dipping his pen in worse than gall,  
An outed statesman blest'd to call ?  
With equal truth the Muse might paint  
My lord of Bolingbroke a saint ;  
Run riot o'er his dubious fame,  
And dub him with a patriot's name :  
So worthy of his country's praise !  
So meek ! so holy all his ways !

Nor, tho to him, to him alone  
A state of perfect bliss unknown :  
Of each complexion, age, degree,  
Mankind as far remov'd as he.  
Go, ask, my friend, from door to door,  
The high, the low, the rich, the poor ;  
In court, or cot, if here, or there,  
Resides the mortal free from care.  
You ask in vain, for joy and strife  
Diversify all states of life.

To wield the scythe with sweaty brow,  
With wearied arm to guide the plough,  
To sow in hope, to reap in joy,  
Thine, Labour ! is the sweet employ.  
A life of rest with pain t'endure,  
To seek in health disease's cure,

To

To eat the grape, unprun'd the vine,  
Laborious Idleness ! is thine.  
Yet idleness of care complains  
And labour quarrels with its pains.

Nor only found, or made, distress ;  
Because externals fail to bless ;  
Lodg'd in ourselves the taste, and will,  
That make externals good or ill ;  
No earthly blessing, hence, we find  
An equal good to all mankind.

Belmore, the sober'st thing on earth,  
Dreads the broad laugh, and roar of mirth ;  
While Clerrio, with a length of chin,  
Protracted by perpetual grin,  
Tho' Socrates himself pass by,  
Must laugh in ridicule or die.

How elegant, how high refin'd  
The palate of Cardella's mind !  
How low, how vulgar Cotta's soul,  
That feels no rapture in a vole !

See thousands, as in love with strife,  
Pursue it, fretting, all their life ;  
And darken with the clouds of spleen,  
The sky of providence serene :

Wretched

Wretched to find another eas'd,  
And most unhappy when they're pleas'd.  
How strange! while some, with patient toil,  
Raise comfort on a barren soil,  
Or pleasure strike, by native dint,  
From cruel Fortune's hardest flint;  
The patriarch like, whose rod, we're told,  
Earth's stubborn fetters burst, of old;  
When gush'd the stream from Horeb's rock,  
To water Israel's thirsty flock.

Hence, not on earth a blessing sent  
Gives universally content:  
For, while so varied is our taste,  
Manna itself were show'r'd to waste.  
With reason, therefore, we profess  
God meant not here our happiness:  
Else in the various blessings given  
Sure various minds might find their heaven.  
But know, as different we find  
Each individual's turn of mind,  
As little with ourselves we see  
Ourselves, at various times, agree.  
So oft our views, our tempers, change;  
As through life's varied scenes we range.  
At times, so diff'rent from himself,  
The prodigal will hoard his pelf;



Spend greedily the night at play,  
To throw next morn his gains away.  
At times ev'n misers rob their store,  
And give their sixpence to the poor.  
At times ev'n trembling cowards fight,  
And, desp'rate, put the bold to flight:  
While, sick of fighting and of fame,  
The brave as belgic lions tame.  
How oft, my friend, in private life;  
We love the maid we hate a wife!  
How oft the scene that gives delight  
At morn, offends the eye at night!  
'Tis not the want of that or this;  
Possession is the bane of bliss:  
And hence of happiness we see  
On earth th' impossibility.

Yet, with an interested view,  
Doth still Lorenzo truth pursue?  
Dost thou suppose th' enlighten'd mind  
In truth's researches bliss may find?  
That science fancy may restrain,  
And fix that weather-cock the brain?  
Alas, deceive thy self no more;  
But give thy vain pretensions o'er.  
For, as a world of fruitless cost  
In vain inquiries hath been lost;

A world of labour spent t' attain  
That knowledge man may never gain :  
So millions all their lives have spent,  
Searching for blifs in discontent :  
For blifs, which but a little thought  
Had told them never could be taught.  
Yet still they ask ; yet still they run  
A race that never can be won.  
Thus sought, of yore, projecting fools  
The summum bonum of the schools ;  
And wiser heads than those of old  
The stone converting all to gold ;  
Or vain adepts, much wiser still,  
To wrest from nature's hand, at will,  
Promethean theft, celestial fire ;  
To animate their wood and wire :  
Madmen, that not Monro could cure  
Of circles and their quadrature,  
Of thinking drunken nature reels,  
Like a slung coach, on springs and wheels !  
Dost thou, instructed in thy youth  
To place consummate blifs in truth,  
Conceive it somewhere hidden lies,  
Among the learned and the wise ;  
That hence our blifs or misery flow,  
The truth to know or not to know ?

In vain the learn'd, in science deep,  
In search of bliss, their vigils keep ;  
In vain the universe explore ;  
Swift as their search, it flies before,  
Through ev'ry clime, on ev'ry wind,  
And leaves the panting wish behind.  
O, tell me, what connection ties  
So close the happy and the wise.  
Did e'er the sage in wisdom find  
The artless infant's peace of mind ?  
Proud knowledge e'er, or boastful art,  
Restore to joy the broken heart ?  
Ah ! what avails the truth to know,  
When truth's the frequent source of woe ;  
While gilded fiction's dazzling rays  
With sun-shine beautify our days,  
Or, mildly shed, its silver beams,  
Reflected, light our nightly dreams ;  
While pleasure and its laughing train  
Dance, by the moon-shine of the brain.  
For what is knowledge, but to know  
How ignorant our state below ?  
The more we learn, the more to find,  
Beyond our learning, still behind ;  
Our fruitless wishes to increase,  
Whene'er our mental prospects cease ?  
So far from happiness, my friend,  
Is science, in its means, and end.

Sayst thou that bliss the world affect  
 The smile of God on his elect;  
 Confin'd to Abr'am's faithful seed,  
 And made dependent on our creed?  
 Go, ask the saints, to whom are given  
 The best assurances of heaven,  
 The few distinguish'd here on earth  
 As children of a spiritual birth,  
 How gloomy oft a state of grace;  
 How often hid their Maker's face;  
 How oft, by Satan and by sin,  
 Sore buffeted the man within.  
 These all confess beyond the sky  
 Their blissful heritage doth lie.

Say, is repos'd this heav'nly trust  
 Within the bosom of the just,  
 While virtue in itself you call  
 The happiness of one and all?  
 Pretending still, "tho' yours and mine  
 " No partial mode of bliss define;  
 " Yet that our different tastes unite  
 " In meaning well and thinking right;  
 " An universal moral this,  
 " Conducting all mankind to bliss!"  
 Alas, what sophistry to tell  
 Of "thinking right, and meaning well,"\*

\* Pope.

F

Unless

Unless this rectitude of thought  
With perspicuity be taught ;  
This honest meaning plainly shown ;  
So oft admir'd ! so little known !  
At virtue if we're left to guess,  
What is't to say 'tis happiness ?  
The way to virtue as to bliss ;  
If dubious that as doubtful this.  
How fruitless therefore but to know  
“ Virtue is happiness below ! ”

Sayst thou, mankind are all agreed  
That happiness is virtue's meed ?  
The service of the work inquire,  
And by the labour rate the hire.  
Now virtue some to fact confine,  
While others place it in design.  
Some blest but for the good they do,  
Others for all they have in view.  
But, if by virtue's understood  
The mere intent of doing good,  
Those fully virtuous may be held,  
Who ne'er one lawless passion quell'd ;  
Whom ne'er temptation led astray,  
Beyond the tenour of their way ;  
A sober path by stoicks trod ;  
Nor friends to man, nor foes to God.

Consistent with a state of rest,  
If virtue's centred in the breast,  
As happy those may surely live,  
Who nothing give nor have to give,  
As those who taste, in ev'ry sense,  
Th' exertions of benevolence.

Some seeming difference yet we find,  
What pangs affect the tender mind?  
What exquisite sensations rise,  
To hear the orphan's piteous cries;  
To feel the widow's piercing woe;  
When no relief we can bestow?

Doth virtue here rejoice the heart  
As when the gen'rous ease impart,  
When purest transports warm the breast,  
That glows to succour the distress'd?

And yet, my friend, 'twere wond'rous hard,  
If bliss the virtuous rich reward,  
In poverty that virtue's zeal  
Should double all the pangs we feel;  
Each gen'rous sigh, each social tear,  
But render want the more severe.

To virtue, therefore, if the deed  
Our best designs must yet succeed,  
Granting that happy ev'ry mind  
In such proportion as its kind,



Here in externals do we place  
The happiness of human race ;  
Enabled to relieve distress  
As wealth, or pow'r, ourselves possess ;  
For bliss capacitated more  
As blest with fortune's worldly store.  
Fix'd, by this scheme, the blissful state,  
Exclusive, to the rich and great ;  
The virtuous poor, but innocent,  
Claiming at th' utmost, bare content.  
Besides, if individuals blest  
As sharers only with the rest,  
True happiness with thee to call  
Not merely that of one but all,  
What is inactive virtue's use ?  
Can it to social good conduce ?  
Can it, thus fruitless and confin'd,  
Be call'd a blessing to mankind ?  
If then we judge so much amiss  
Of virtue, and of virtuous bliss,  
If faith, tho crown'd with alms and pray'rs,  
Hath all its pangs, hath all its cares,  
While ev'n from knowledge prospects rise,  
That makes us miserably wise,  
His perfect happiness to reach,  
No morals mortal man can teach ;  
Still Heav'n's best vot'ries must confess  
No blessings here compleatly bless :



A compound strange of bliss and woe  
Man's variable state below :  
Some absent something ours to crave,  
Ev'n from the cradle to the grave !

How idly, then, employ'd the mind  
In search of that we cannot find.  
For human bliss stands never still ;  
Our good inseparable from ill ;  
Whilst all of pain and pleasure share,  
Their hour of joy, their hour of care,  
Adapted to each sev'ral state ;  
Fix'd and determinate as fate.  
The world my friend, an ample field,  
Of such examples store doth yield.  
How throbs the infant's little breast,  
Beneath a load of care oppress'd ;  
The care that issues with a sigh ;  
The tear yet standing in the eye ;  
Or, caught in laughter's dimple sleek,  
Dry'd up in stealing down the cheek !  
See next, among the sachel'd crowd,  
Bold as a hero and as proud,  
The little tyrant of his class ;  
How happy till condemn'd to parse,  
Or sob beneath the weightier curse  
Of scanning Lilly's crabbed verse !

In youth how glows the vital fire  
 'Tween expectation and desire;  
 Our sanguine hopes our aukward fears,  
 All suiting unexperienc'd years.  
 Still riper joys do manhood bless,  
 When full-blown fortune we possess,  
 We riot on the joyous store,  
 Till health and strength can charm no more;  
 When disappointment and chagrin  
 Retaliate all our joys with spleen.  
 Proportion'd next to wasted age  
 Insipid joys and peevish rage,  
 Tho dim th' exhausted passions burn,  
 Take, to our latest gasp, their turn.  
 Thus relative, my friend, we find  
 The pains and pleasures of mankind;  
 Adapted all, in due degree,  
 To human sensibility.  
 For see, no more alive to smart  
 Than dead to joy the hard-of-heart:  
 As far from rapture as despair  
 The fretful family of care.  
 Not sickness, pain, nor death itself  
 Avarus dreads like loss of pelf:  
 While Lavish offers an estate  
 To staunch a cut, ere yet too late,  
 Dispel the head-ach, or remove  
 Th' effects of his intemp'rate love.

Was ever yet the child of mirth  
Intensely blest, or curst, on earth ?  
Ah no ! how lightly feel a pain  
The light-of-heart, or light-of-brain !  
The man, so happy as to think,  
Life's bitter potions born to drink !

Behold the foolish, weak and blind  
The sprightliest, merriest of mankind ;  
While suffers oft superiour sense,  
Ev'n from its own pre-eminence ;  
Those follies that the wise annoy  
The destitute-of-wisdom's joy.  
The blockhead naturally free  
From cares thy knowledge brings on thee,  
While Heav'n you daily toil to seek,  
Poor Ralpho works but once a week :  
When, left his plough and worldly cares,  
He plies his Sunday's task at pray'rs.  
Nor puzzled he in truth's research,  
Laid all his burthen on the church ;  
The friendly church, by Heav'n design'd  
To help the weak, to lead the blind,  
To check the rash, to warm the cold,  
T'engage the young, t'amuse the old,  
Th' unthinking from themselves to save,  
And bring them calmly to the grave.  
Blest ignorance ! from care so free,  
Hath it, Lorenzo, charms for thee ?

Wouldst thou to science, empty name  
 If void of bliss resign thy claim?  
 Be like the ass, that plodding goes,  
 Nor looks beyond his bridled nose?  
 For me — O, rather should I ask  
 Life's most laborious, abject task;  
 Would ev'n the meanest lot sustain;  
 Bear ev'ry tolerable pain;  
 To emp'ricks would intrust my cure;  
 Ev'n to be pitied might endure:  
 Nay, plague me, Heav'n, in ev'ry sense,  
 Ere take my share of reason hence;  
 Of science ere my soul deprive,  
 My little portion, whilst alive.

Yet dost thou ignorance despise?  
 The joys of knowledge hence arise.  
 So strange so little understood  
 The varied source of mortals' good!  
 To Heav'n my grateful vows be paid  
 That man in human frailty's made;  
 That grief and ignorance my lot;  
 In joy and science since forgot;  
 Or best remember'd in the taste  
 They give improvement's rich repast.  
 O say, industrious querist, say,  
 What raptures court you on the way;

What views delight, from time to time,  
As the steep hills of art you climb.  
Such transports ne'er had fir'd my breast,  
If born of sciences possess'd,  
As when, by want of knowledge fir'd,  
To nature's lore I late aspir'd;  
By slow degrees enlighten'd grew,  
Her volume op'ning to my view;  
To the weak mind as knowledge given;  
Knowledge, that wings the soul for Heaven.

Lorenzo, is this doctrine strange?  
Seest thou not, while the seasons change,  
How much, as each in contrast felt,  
We freeze with cold, by heat we melt.  
Thus exquisite our sense of woe  
As more refin'd our pleasures grow:  
Pleasure and pain, as light and shade,  
By one the other still display'd.  
Didst never want? to thee denied  
The bliss of being satisfied;  
In constant fulness but enjoy'd  
Th' insipid good of which we're cloy'd.  
Say, plenty gives thee bread more white;  
It blunts the edge of appetite;  
Or, giving wine, malignly first  
Robs thee, distasteful, of thy thirst.

How sunk, and terrible, to thee  
 The hollow eye of poverty !  
 While Villius meets her with a smile,  
 And sings, or whistles all the while.  
 Tho worn his hands, perplex'd his head,  
 He relishes the sweets of bread ;  
 Nay patient sees, in want itself,  
 His crumpled cupboard's vacant shelf :  
 Full many a time, in pleasant rue,  
 Dancing for joy without a shoe.

Is Fortunatus rich and gay ?  
 Curst with the modish itch of play,  
 Bubbl'd at White's, thro lust of gain,  
 Or jockey'd round New-Market plain,  
 See with his barb his manors fly ;  
 His leaseholds totter with the die ;  
 Braving the storm of many a cast,  
 His oaks a bet malignant blast ;  
 His card-built villas, one and all,  
 Like infant architecture, fall.

From sharpers, creditors and duns,  
 Not half the perils Villius runs ;  
 Whom all the world to trust refuse ;  
 Who nothing owns he dreads to lose.



Ah me ! what threat'ning danger's night ?  
 Why swells the tear in Delia's eye ?  
 Eclips'd the fairest of the fair  
 By sad misfortune's drooping air ;  
 Delia on whom kind nature smil'd,  
 Ev'n at the birth her fav'rite child,  
 When, all the graces to combine,  
 She cloath'd them in one form divine ;  
 Bestowing grandeur, wit and wealth,  
 And fortune's best of bounties, health :  
 Nay, adding, in her gen'rous fit,  
 Good-nature even to her wit.  
 With all these blessings yet unblest,  
 Ah, tell me, fair one, why distress'd.  
 Alas ! alas ! the belle's reply  
 " Of Brilliante's birty-day suit I die."  
 You smile at misery like this :  
 Match it with Delia's sense of bliss.  
 In rapture ever, with the gay,  
 To shine at concert, ball or play ;  
 Her greatest happiness to boast  
 Her name the fopling's reigning toast ;  
 The all in life her wish regards  
 Summ'd up in fashions, routs and cards.  
 Ah, then, how pow'rful to distress  
 Th' important article of dress !



So deeply some may cares affect,  
Those trifling cares that you neglect;  
Half the solicitude we see  
Ridiculous to you and me?  
Others there are as lightly hold  
Dangers, at which our blood runs cold;  
Lo where, beneath th' impending cliff,  
The Norway fowler moors his skiff;  
Or, desp'rate, fifty fathoms high  
Suspended, seems himself to fly;  
While thus, from rock to rock, he swings;  
And, blythe, his summer's ditty sings:  
As blythe the sea-boy furls the sail,  
Regardless of the blust'ring gale;  
Nor winds, nor waves, disturb his sleep,  
Amid the horrors of the deep.

The cordial draught, the downy bed  
Had ne'er reviv'd the drooping head,  
Had sickness pale, and fainting grief  
Ne'er wish'd for wearied nerves relief.

See Belmont on the sofa laid;  
What racking pains his limbs invade!  
Take half his gout, the respite given  
He calls a blissful taste of heaven.  
Give but a youth, dispersing wealth,  
Who riots on the bloom of health,

That blifsful part, which yet remains ;  
 And his a mortal's bitter'ft pains.  
 Pains which no aggravation know !  
 Yet, fo comparative our woe,  
 Inflict them when Cleora's kifs,  
 Kind earneft of approaching blifs,  
 Hath rais'd the glowing lover's fire  
 To flaming raptures of defire ;  
 Lo, difappointment joins the curfe,  
 And turns this worft affliction worfe.

Correct ideas let us gain.  
 Our fenfe of joy we owe to pain ;  
 So ftrange a paradox is this !  
 And mis'ry to our fenfe of blifs ;  
 While, fuch our varying ftate below,  
 Ev'n joy degen'rates into woe ;  
 And pains, in fufferance, by degrees,  
 On their own pangs engender eafe ;  
 Their antidote, like poifon, bring,  
 T'expel the poifon of their ftung.

The tenfion of th'extended nerve,  
 With phyfiologifts may ferve,  
 The means of pleasure and of pain,  
 The feeming paradox t'explain,  
 As ftrung the harp with trembling wire,  
 So brac'd with nerves the human lyre,  
 While

While such in tune, these sages say,  
 The smiling hours in concert play:  
 But if, in change, too lax or tense,  
 Health strikes no more the keys of sense:  
 But, tremblingly alive all o'er,  
 The tortur'd strings in discord roar:  
 While sickness, with her harpy claws,  
 Stranger to each harmonious pause,  
 Labours, benumb'd, the jarring strain,  
 That stuns our ear with deaf'ning pain.  
 Nor yet can health too oft repeat  
 Its musick, howsoever sweet;  
 While, by degrees, lo, ev'ry string,  
 Depriv'd of its elastic spring,  
 In gen'ral lassitude, full soon  
 The whole machine grows out of tune.  
 Should, also, passion, sense or art  
 Wind up too high the nervous part,  
 With noise the notes tumultuous tire;  
 Or breaking strings unman the lyre.  
 Of pain or pleasure on our frame  
 Th' effects, hence, frequently the same.  
 Thus, full of gladness or of grief,  
 In tears we find the same relief;  
 Alike the feeble nerve destroy  
 Exquisite pain, extatic joy.  
 The bandit, stretch'd upon the wheel,  
 Th' extreme of torture ne'er can feel;

But,

But, cruelty disarming, lies  
 Or dead to sense, or really dies.  
 So, rapture never meant to bless,  
 E'vn joy grows pain when in excess.  
 Indulg'd to print the burning kiss  
 On Chloe's lips, how fierce the bliss!  
 How keen the torture of her charms,  
 Carefs'd, to pant within her arms,  
 Melting in fulness of desire,  
 Stretch'd on the rack of bliss, t'expire!

Thus constitutional, below,  
 Is all our bliss, is all our woe;  
 Each holding, intimately join'd,  
 Alternate empire o'er the mind.  
 Like Persian monarchs, hardly known  
 Ere tumbled headlong from the throne,  
 Precarious and as short its sway  
 Depos'd and sceptred in a day,  
 Pleasure begins its fickle reign,  
 And tyrannizes into pain;  
 When, as to cruel pain we bow,  
 Its rod grows light we know not how.

Ah, cruel blow to human pride!  
 Is pain and pleasure thus allied,  
 That all the sweets of life grow sour  
 Within the transitory hour!

Complains Lorenzo? darts behind  
No ray of comfort on his mind?  
If thus with varied joy and strife  
Diversified all states of life;  
If human being cannot know  
A constant state of bliss and woe;  
Worn by sharp mis'ry to the bones,  
While grief with intermission groans,  
And meagre want, half fed, the while,  
Grins forth her grateful, ghastly smile;  
Tho' vain our hopes of bliss, as vain  
Our fears of unremitting pain;  
Absurd the mischief-making care  
That leads us blindly to despair.

## S I M K I N,

## A FAIRY TALE.

WRITTEN AT SCHOOL.

----- crinem  
 Irroravit aquis -----

-----  
 Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori. Ovid.

IN days of yore, when elves were seen,  
 By moon-light dancing on the green,  
 Leading in mystic steps their train,  
 O'er marshy mead or flow'ry plain;  
 A maiden with her milking pail,  
 Trip'd morn and eve across the vale;  
 Patty, the sweetest temper'd lass  
 That e'er beat dew-drop from the grass:  
 But nature, half unkind, had shed  
 Ill-natur'd influence on her head;  
 For oh! the cause of many a care!  
 Deep-tinted red the virgin's hair.  
 For sister nymphs she liv'd a jest,  
 And ne'er was kiss'd among the rest.



Now so it chanc'd that by the mead  
 Where Patty's cows were us'd to feed,  
 There stood a mount, on verdant ground,  
 With daisies strew'd, and violets crown'd;  
 Round which had many a tim'rous swain,  
 Seen fairies sporting on the plain:  
 For under, as the story's told,  
 They dwelt in palaces of gold;  
 Safe in the bosom of the hill,  
 Where they convey'd themselves at will;  
 Or, when they pleas'd from thence could rise,  
 Invisible to mortal eyes.  
 By these the nymph was often seen,  
 With clear-starch'd coif so neat and clean,  
 Devoid of all that negligence,  
 That give the fairies just offence;  
 Who trace the house with critic eye,  
 Nor pass an unwash'd trencher by;  
 But pinch severe the careless maid,  
 For room unswept, or spoon mislaid.  
 They view in pity Patty's hair,  
 And take the virgin to their care.

Now as at dusky eve the maid  
 Sat milking Mully in the shade,  
 Simkin, a sprite of neither sex,  
 That us'd old peevish maids to vex



In flowing azure loosely drest,  
 A thin transparent gauze its vest;  
 Like that which now to us convey'd,  
 The modern females term a shade;  
 Astride a vapour dancing came;  
 A Will o'th' Wisp its mortal name.  
 The same which boys so often ken,  
 From distant lake or foggy fen;  
 A cloud of light that leads astray  
 Trav'lers, benighted on their way.

Thus over hill and dale, the maid  
 The well-designing Simkin led;  
 'Till twelve a clock, a solemn sound,  
 Rung, from a neighbouring village, round;  
 What time the nimble fairies tread  
 The maiden daisies of the mead,  
 Which scarcely bend beneath their weight,  
 So lightly trip their nimble feet.

How blest the plain! thrice fertile soil,  
 On which the fairies deign to smile!  
 No barren spot can here be found,  
 No weed nor thistle curse the ground;  
 Nor here is heard the screech-owl's note,  
 Nor omen from the raven's throat;  
 But thrush and black-bird sweetly sing,  
 And the glad cuckoo hails the spring.

Here too, the scented sweet-briar grows,  
 The woodbine wild, and wild the rose;  
 The king-cup smiles with brighter bloom,  
 And violets breathe more sweet perfume.  
 To such a spot, enchanted mead!  
 The sprightly elf doth Patty lead,  
 Now from his bounding steed alights,  
 And mixes 'mong his fellow sprights;  
 His bounding steed no more his care,  
 Directly vanish'd into air.

Now, gentle Patty, in surprize,  
 Around her turns her wand'ring eyes.  
 Here some she saw, with mighty care,  
 New moulding fancies for the fair;  
 Here rose a head, and there was seen  
 Improvements on a capuchin;  
 (For all the milliner imparts  
 Is the result of fairy arts.)  
 Here stood a crowd in warm dispute,  
 About to form a birth-day suit;  
 And there in consultation sat  
 As many, modelling a hat;  
 Fast by, inspir'd by female love,  
 The spreading petticoat t' improve,  
 They met, and in debate were high,  
 Or is? — or is it not — a fly?

Others,

Others, to greater deeds inclin'd,  
Were drawing morals for the mind;  
And lo! to this important end,  
The fairy histories are penn'd,  
The sprites, to all invention new,  
Their slender fingers dip in dew,  
And fill with deeds unknown before,  
Their tomes, the leaves of sycamore.  
Hence are the lov'd of fairies taught,  
And blest with ev'ry brilliant thought;  
Who here peruse at early dawn,  
Th' impressions on the dewy lawn,  
Ere yet an inauspicious wind,  
Leaves not a single tome behind,  
Or the refulgent sun exhales,  
On one bright beam a thousand tales!  
From hence each intellectual vapour,  
They scrawl on mortal ink and paper.  
So wretches, vulgar things their care,  
For mushrooms at the morn repair,  
Ere yet th' expanding warmth of day,  
Dries their contracted sweets away.

A number more, at different toil,  
Patty with terror view'd a-while;  
When now a train approach'd the maid,  
With sprightly Simkin at their head;

Who, smiling, tript before the rest,  
And thus the trembling fair address :

Fear not, sweetest maid, but see  
What the gift we bring to thee.  
This the queen of fairies sent,  
In a phial nicely pent,  
Drops, by moon-ey'd elves distill'd  
From the wild buds of the field ;  
Mix'd with liquids nicely caught ;  
Which in acorn cups are brought ;  
Fill'd before the peep of morn,  
From the prickly point of thorn,  
Or the furz-bush in the dell,  
Or the yellow cowslip bell,  
(Suck'd from thence with slender pipe)  
Or the hip, at christmas ripe ;  
Join'd with these, a chemic rare,  
Earth extract from purest air.  
Nymph, with this bedew thine head,  
No more shall glow thy locks with red,  
Of lovely brown shall be thy hair,  
And thou the brightest of the fair.

This said, the ken of rising day,  
Summon'd each spright in haste away.

Now Patty to the phial flies,  
And frait the remedy applies.  
She sighs, neglected, now no more,  
The swains admire that jeer'd before ;  
The nymphs from former pity turn,  
And now with hate and envy burn.

G 4

ON

ON THE WEAKNESS OF THE HUMAN  
UNDERSTANDING, AND THE INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF THE DEITY.

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

ARE there, Lorenzo, who suppose  
That man can nature's God disclose;  
Their moral and religious schemes,  
Building on theologic dreams?  
Expect not thou a point to hit,  
Beyond the flight of human wit;  
Nor ever think to judge of ought  
Above the reach of sober thought,  
Rul'd by no giant hopes or fears,  
Whose stature grows with length of years,  
In search of truth be sure to find  
The labour suited to the mind;  
With genius nature bearing part,  
The strict, yet gentle, nurse of art.  
For, say the voice of reason true;  
Be ours a just abstracted view;  
Be it the privilege of man,  
To trace exactly nature's plan;  
The scale of beings in his hands,  
To know the point at which he stands,

Compar'd



Compar'd with all he boasts to know,  
As well above him as below ;  
Yet, if, of human logick vain,  
He link to heaven a kindred chain,  
Conclusions idle soon he draws ;  
And heav'n prescribes by human laws.

Imagine thou in what degree  
A seraph stands 'tween God and thee ;  
The neck how lowly dost thou bend  
Before thy bright seraphic friend ?  
But place thyself a mite unseen  
And Being infinite between ;  
In this comparison, says pride,  
A seraph thou, to God allied.

Thy pride, Lorenzo, disbelieve ;  
Let Locke nor Addison deceive ;  
For tho creation's varied plan  
Assigns degrees respecting man ;  
Yet, bigot, know, and learn to fear,  
God is beyond thy proper sphere.  
Created beings, all his care,  
Doth he with them creation share ?  
Ah no ! the system all his own,  
God, the creator, stands alone ;  
At equal distance all his plan,  
The mite, the seraph, and the man.



If 'tis not so, the passive clay  
 Of yon corinthian column gay,  
 That gilt entablature and base,  
 Or marble of yon shining vase,  
 Resemble more the artist's mind  
 Than if to meaner use consign'd,  
 Absurd ! is Jones's genius known  
 By the great model or the stone ?  
 The pile, erect to Trajan's name,  
 Affected not by empty fame,  
 The cross rever'd, the honour'd bust,  
 And trodden floor, are kindred dust :  
 For all in one degree respect  
 Their sov'reign lord the architect.  
 How justly then foe'er we plead  
 That reason Nature's book doth read,  
 As by her known establish'd laws  
 Of each effect we trace the cause,  
 Those laws themselves can ne'er confine  
 The legislative power divine ;  
 Whose will those very laws decreed  
 And bad th' effect the cause succeed ;  
 Agent, in some superior scheme,  
 Of which in this we can but dream.  
 Beyond the science of mankind,  
 In nature's fane our God enshrin'd ;

Content,

Content, Lorenzo, let us trace  
 The lines and shadow of his face  
 In humble boldness seek to know  
 No more than heaven permits below.

To face the sun, to beat the sky,  
 Demand an eagle's wing and eye.  
 Ah! let not, then, mere birds of night,  
 Whose wings, whose opticks, check their flight,  
 Encourag'd by the morning ray  
 To risk the sun-shine of the day,  
 Their feeble powers too highly rate,  
 And rush absurdly on their fate;  
 As in the noon-tide beams they gaze  
 Struck blind by heav'n's meridian blaze;  
 For ever after, to their cost,  
 To grope in endless error lost.

Bear Atticus the critick's rod;  
 In vain we then define a God;  
 In vain we attributes bestow,  
 Or reason, here, from what we know.  
 Tho science teach, religion warm,  
 What wild ideas still we form?  
 Imperfect embryos of the brain,  
 That strive to scale the heav'ns in vain:  
 Too short to reach beyond the sky  
 The focus of the mental eye;

Too cold our most transporting zeal  
To paint what heav'ns and light conceal.

Yet will the skeptick ask me why?

Go, rise and to the dog-star fly—

Thou canst not; nor the cause unknown,

Central attraction holds thee down;

A pow'r occult, which, ere thy birth,

Fast bound thee to thy native earth:

From which thou ne'er canst hope to rise

To lunar plains or solar skies.

Nor less within its sphere confin'd

The subtile essence of the mind.

What tho' it boasts the pow'r to rove

In freedom through the plains above;

Tho' wing'd its active feet to run,

With Merc'ry round the central sun;

Giv'n it far distant worlds t' explore,

And seas of space without a shore;

Yet, still, within creation's round,

Within our narrow system bound;

Of what's above or what without

We harbour universal doubt.

Say light prevails, no contrast shade

Outlines the void we would prevade:

Say darkness reigns, no chearing ray

Delineates blind inquiry's way.

Destin'd thy erring way to trace.  
Thro' nature's wide and gloomy space,  
Hence, mortal man, must ever be  
Thy author, God, unknown to thee.

Let Ignorance, then, her idol dress  
In justice, love, and happiness;  
Adorn with mercy's golden chain,  
With all the virtues grace its train;  
And then adore in humble plight,  
Calling those fopperies infinite.  
The pagan thus, despis'd as blind,  
Creates his idol to his mind;  
Thinking his deity express'd  
By bird or beast he likes the best;  
Then bows before the painted shrine;  
And calls his wooden god divine.  
Cast the presumptuous thought aside:  
'Tis not humility, but pride;  
Unless that truly humble we,  
T'adore the god Humanity.  
And such it is; for whence arise  
Our virtues but from moral ties;  
Whose known relations thus define  
That essence mortals call divine?

Lorenzo, ready for reply,  
Lay not thy prompt objection by.

Thou

Thou sayst " thy friend himself deceives,  
 " Nor God adores nor God believes :  
 " For tho the mind the pow'r descry,  
 " If left its essence in the sky,  
 " If none imagin'd or display'd,  
 " To nothing adoration's paid :  
 " In me no certain faith is found ;  
 " My deity an empty sound."

Not so : for, granting, I confess,  
 Thy attributes a God express ;  
 Thou sayst thyself " still undefin'd  
 " The perfect, by th' imperfect, mind ;"  
 And to thy attributes must join  
 Thy Infinite or thy Divine.  
 As jugglers, who, t' enhance deceit,  
 To sacred science give their cheat,  
 While, with the curtain still they hide  
 The slight of hand too closely ey'd ;  
 So sly theologists impart  
 The hocus pocus of their art ;  
 Holding religion's sacred veil,  
 Where flights of understanding fail.  
 For know, alas, their wisest plan  
 Displays but a superiour man,  
 Whom Infinite the conjurer's rod,  
 Presto, converts into a god.  
 Till, then, they solve our problem right,  
 And tell us what is infinite,

They

They still must be reduc'd to own  
 Their compound deity unknown :  
 To all, or reasoning or inspir'd,  
 This infinite a term requir'd.  
 Differs Lorenzo, then, with me ?  
 In terms alone we disagree :  
 Perfection infinite is thine,  
 Indefinite perfection mine.

Condemn not, then, half understood.  
 I not deny that perfect, good,  
 All-gracious, merciful, and wise,  
 God reigns, supreme, beyond the skies.  
 Neither, 'tis true, my terms imply ;  
 But, granting none, I none deny :  
 Requiring but to acquiesce  
 That thou thy Infinite exprefs.  
 Idly doth Bolingbroke refine ;  
 Granting that wisdom is divine,  
 While, as absurdly, he denies  
 Justice and goodness to the skies.  
 Ideas, equally our own,  
 Our goodness as our wisdom's known ;  
 To both as hard to reconcile  
 Or nature's frown or nature's smile,  
 Alas ! no attributes of thine  
 Can e'er the Deity define ;



Impossible to judge, or know,  
Of God above from man below:  
Reserv'd the prospect of the skies  
To gratify immortal eyes.

Lorenzo, let us reason right.  
No finite spans an infinite;  
Unless, with Matho, vers'd in arts,  
We hold th' infinity of parts.  
But none th' absurdity will plan,  
That God can be contain'd in man;  
Tho, as absurdly, they suppose  
Our partial gifts the God disclose.

Join'st thou with Florio the dispute,  
T' enhance each moral attribute?  
Pretending "these, however crude,  
" Divine perfection doth include;  
" As species in a genus they,  
" Or parts, which, join'd, the whole display."  
So, with the grandeur all t' inspire  
Of the gay mansion of his fire,  
An idiot heir, his mother's fool,  
Taught his synecdochè at school,  
Conceiv'd by part the whole was shown;  
And took a sample of the stone.



Convinc'd, doth Polydore, with me,  
 That God's indefinite agree,  
 Yet argue "that our partial view  
 " May still be relatively true :  
 " For, if no abstract light we gain,  
 " 'Tis just our best to entertain ;  
 " Our God to call that wond'rous cause,  
 " In nature trac'd, by nature's laws ?"  
 Mistake not here, nor God dethrone :  
 The first mechanic cause be known ;  
 'Tis of some prior cause th' effect ;  
 Which no known similars respect.  
 The God which, then, we so define  
 Nor self-existent nor divine.  
 Be known creation's various ties,  
 Whence physical relations rise ;  
 Of each effect the various cause ;  
 Attraction and repulsion's laws ;  
 That primum mobile be found  
 That drove Des Cartes' whirlpools round ;  
 Let matter, motion, æther, join,  
 To form thy attributes divine ;  
 Striving if possible to rise  
 To the first agent in the skies :  
 Be next explain'd to moral sense,  
 The wond'rous scheme of providence ;  
 Down from those great important springs,  
 On which rebounds the fate of kings,

To those, so exquisitely small,  
 Destin'd to let the sparrow fall :  
 Say'st thou the knowledge hence deriv'd  
 Of him those systems hath contriv'd ?  
 Alas ! from hence we only trace  
 The features of creation's face ;  
 The front it bears to human kind ;  
 But not its self-existing mind.  
 Should we, presuming to display  
 The spirit of the golden day,  
 Thus call its essence its result,  
 Attraction, fire, alike occult ;  
 Or say 'tis vegetation green ;  
 Who'd think it is the sun we mean ?  
 So here t' absurdity we fall,  
 Nor thus define a God at all,

Yet while, to thee I freely own,  
 I reverence a God unknown ;  
 Think not, thro ignorance or pride,  
 A God was ever yet denied.  
 No atheist e'er was known on earth  
 Till fiery zealots gave him birth,  
 For controversy's sake, their trade,  
 And damn'd the heretick they made,  
 Doth Clody, impudent and vain,  
 Deny a God in skeptic strain,

And yet in ignorance advance  
 That nature is the work of chance?  
 Theologists, absurdly wise,  
 With their anathemas despise;  
 For well may Clody these inflame,  
 Whose God exists but in a name;  
 A technic term, devis'd at school,  
 I pity Clody as a fool.  
 To Epicurus' strains belong  
 The censures of an idle song.  
 For say "united words might join  
 " By accident, and not design;  
 " Atoms might luckily contrive,  
 " And strangely find themselves alive;  
 " Or, by some other scheme as wild,  
 " The world be fortune's fav'rite child."  
 Explain the terms, — say what is meant  
 By atoms, fortune, accident.  
 What meanst thou but th' efficient cause  
 Of nature's works and nature's laws?  
 O, think not, then, th' eternal mind  
 To term or epithet confin'd;  
 But take away or change the name;  
 And Clody's God and mine's the same.  
 Say'st thou "in chance a pow'r defin'd,  
 " Fortuitous, absurd, and blind,

" Unworthy that stupendous plan,  
 " Which nature's scenes display to man;  
 " When grace with harmony allied,  
 " And wisdom strike, on ev'ry side."  
 Alas! to Clody these unknown:  
 For wond'rous wisdom's all his own.  
 In nature nothing he surveys  
 That actuates his soul to praise:  
 In vain the planets run their course,  
 Obedient to impulsive force;  
 Th' excentric comets, far and wide,  
 Pursue the same unerring guide;  
 In vain describes their varied race  
 In equal times an equal space:  
 In vain thro microscopic eyes,  
 Innumerable wonders rise;  
 On the green leaf whole nations crawl,  
 And myriads perish in its fall.  
 Ah me! what bears the barren mind!  
 What beauty can affect the blind!  
 Should Clody then his chance disclaim,  
 And own a Deity, by name,  
 The blund'ring deist would advance  
 A God, no wiser than his chance.

Boasts nature, therefore, no design?  
 Say whence, Lorenzo, yours and mine.

Did wisdom's sons themselves create?  
 Their birth 'tis own'd they owe to fate;  
 To fate capricious blind and dull;  
 Design lock'd up in th' atheist's skull.  
 But say, my friend, how came it there?  
 Lit chance upon occasion fair,  
 From odds and ends of matter join'd,  
 To form an intellectual mind?  
 Egregious blunder! gross surmise!  
 "Nature's a fool, yet man is wise!"  
 Is there a mortal, found of brain,  
 Who such a tenet can maintain?  
 O, no. — For words let fools contest,  
 Atheism's a mere, tho' impious, jest.

How obvious is the truth! and yet,  
 What learned volumes have been writ;  
 How scholiasts labour to refute,  
 What none do actually dispute!  
 Of the first-cause, or fools or wise,  
 The pure existence none denies;  
 But in its essence\* disagree:  
 For who defines infinity?

Blush not, Lorenzo, then, to own,  
 Th' eternal God a God unknown;

\* Essential Attributes.



Whose face, to mortal eye denied,  
 Can never gratify thy pride.  
 To him your votive altars raise,  
 As Athens did in ancient days ;  
 Nor dare pollute his sacred shrine  
 With human sacrifice divine ;  
 But humble adoration bring,  
 And silent praise ; fit offering !  
 So the Peruvian, pure in heart,  
 Strange to the guile, or guilt, of art ;  
 Unaw'd by tenet, text, or tale,  
 Erects his temple in the vale,  
 Sacred to th' universal mind,  
 The God and guide of human kind.  
 No firstlings here affront the skies,  
 No clouds of smoking incense rise :  
 No hypocrite with crabbed face ;  
 No convert tortur'd into grace ;  
 No solid skull, in wisdom's cowl ;  
 No hooded hawk, nor solemn owl,  
 Nor blind, nor ominous invade  
 This spotless consecrated shade :  
 But, as the native of the spray,  
 Man hails his maker, with the day ;  
 By nature taught, heaven asks no more,  
 In spirit and in truth t' adore.

PROLOGUE TO THE WIDOW'D WIFE.

A COMEDY.

ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

TO gain the public ear, the man of rhimes  
Should always speak the language of the times;  
And little else hath been of late in hearing  
Than terms and phrases of Electioneering.

Our author therefore sends me to assure ye,  
Worthy and free electors of Old Drury,  
How happy he should prove, if it content you,  
That he be one of those who represent you;  
The state Poetic, laws and legislature,  
Like the Political in form and nature;  
Phœbus, the Nine, and bards of reputation,  
King, peerage, commons, of the scribbling nation.

Now from Parnassus' throne the prince of wit,  
It seems, hath issued out his royal writ  
For a new member. — No offence to give  
To a late worthy representative\*;

\* G. C. Esq; one of the patentees of Covent-Garden.



Who, ris'n to favour, hath from us retreated,  
 And 'mongst the lords of t'other house is seated,—  
 His service lost, presuming you may need him,  
 The present candidate would fain succeed him.

Not that he vainly boasts, on this occasion,  
 He met encouragement from your persuasion;  
 Or that both friends, who love, and foes, who hate him,  
 Have been unanimous to nominate him.  
 'Tis for this loyal borough his affection,  
 And patriot zeal, that make him risk th' election;  
 To his constituents subject to controul;  
 With whose good leave, he means to stand the poll;  
 Trusting secure to their impartial choice:  
 The town uncanvass'd for a single voice;  
 Nay, brib'd no brother burges bard of note,  
 Nor by corruption gain'd one critick's vote.

Too proud to beg, too modest to demand,  
 By merit only he would fall or stand:  
 Nor enmity nor friendship interfering,  
 He only asks a fair and candid hearing.  
 If, after that, you should with scorn reject him,  
 Or make one honest scruple to elect him,  
 He'll lay his unadvised scheme aside,  
 And frankly own himself not qualified.

## AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL ON RICHMOND-GREEN,  
MDCCLXVIII.

By opposition lately sore affrighted,  
We own, with gratitude, we see, delighted,  
Our rivals disappointed of their ends,  
To alienate the favour of our friends.

What could their musing prologue-monger dream on,  
By his strange tale of Baucis and Philemon\*,  
Of heathen Jove, and such-like idle stuff?  
True, to be sure! and probable enough!  
But were it real, 'tis a fine example,  
And of his taste, no doubt, a curious sample!  
Because Dan Ovid's Jove, a filthy rake,  
Once pleas'd his lodgings in a barn to take,  
You in the dirt as decently should grovel,  
And take your places, truly, in a hovel!

\* Alluding to the prologue spoken at the theatre on the  
hill; said to be written by G. C. Esq;

Well must they know, who much frequented plays,  
 Enacted up the hill, in former days,  
 How oft the scene dragg'd on, nay, stood stock still,  
 For want of something, — worse than want of skill,  
 How ludicrous to see, altho in sport,  
 The fields of Cressy and of Agincourt  
 Scarce big enough t' admit a warrior's stride, —  
 Your heroes always straddle four feet wide, —  
 Where trumpets sound, swords clash, and pike-staves  
     rattle,  
 The shim-sham hurly-burly of a battle;  
 Where bloodless victory sets whole armies shouting,  
 A man should sure have room to stir about in!  
 How, else, can nimble Harlequin display  
 His merry magic in the mimic fray;  
 Flourish his wooden sword, or, driven hard,  
 Escape pursuit by jumping — half a yard!  
 Yet have we seen that motley child of fun  
 Coop'd in a hutch, where he could skip nor run;  
 But fidgetted, his wrigglings to confine  
 From tripping up the tripping Columbine:  
 The stage so spacious, that three steps, at most,  
 Ran Agamemnon's nose against the post;  
 While his fair consort, madam Clytemnestra,  
 Hid, with her petticoat, the whole orchestra!

Nor was the playhouse faultier than the play'rs;  
 As that had its defects, so they had theirs.  
 Oft, 'tis well known, the careless comic muse  
 Forgot to laugh, — because forgot their cues.  
 Nay, we have seen a whole performance undone,  
 For want of chieftians not arriv'd from London;  
 Base knights that fail'd distressed queens to meet;  
 But tippling fat in Bow, or Ruffel-street.  
 Mean while poor Tragedy was forc'd to cry  
 And whimper sadly with a single eye;  
 The other turn'd incessantly to look,  
 Tearless and dry, intent upon the book:  
 The actor's part by some pert 'prentice play'd,  
 Too fond of buskins not to scorn his trade.

No wonder stage so small, play'rs so obedient,  
 Should render a new theatre expedient;  
 Where heroes might have room to strut and stare,  
 And bullies to lug out, look big, and swear;  
 Where Sir John Falstaff at his ease might swagger,  
 Jaffier have elbow room to lift his dagger,  
 Pistol to stalk, and Toby Belch to stagger.

On these accounts, and due consideration,  
 We fix'd our thoughts on this our present station;  
 Here rais'd our house; and having tightly built it,  
 Just as you see, thus painted, carv'd, and gilt it.

This

This for our theatre. — As for the rest,  
 As actors we, at worst, will do our best;  
 Presuming those whom Royal Grace secures,  
 May, from their King's indulgence, hope for yours.

AN EPIQUE TO LORENZO.

Adopted the happy plan.

To truth as nature to man,

Wouldst thou, Lorenzo, comprehend

Man's physical and moral end

To future, to immortal views

Conducted by the faithful mirror

Secure, while yet to reason's light

For thee the task, my darling child,

Borne up on fortune's wing,

Attempts in a doubtful hour to find

For thee those warring tracts to explore

Where seldom man's path dares to rove.

As there who coast at human loss

From a worse abyss than this

Nothing in the world's plan

Some active all the while at man's

Some impetuous, or officious

In physics, or in providence

The question can be answer'd best

Whence the curse of evil life

ON PHYSICAL AND MORAL GOOD AND  
EVIL  
AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

Adopted free inquiry's plan,  
To truths as relative to man,  
Wouldst thou, Lorenzo, comprehend  
Man's physical and moral end,  
To future, to immortal views  
Conducted by the faithful muse?  
Secure, while yet in reason's fight,  
For thee she takes her daring flight;  
Borne up on scientific wing,  
Attempts her boldest note to sing;  
For thee those winding tracts t' explore,  
Where seldom muse hath dar'd to soar.

Is there who teach that human woe  
Must from a source abstracted flow;  
Existing in creation's plan,  
Some active ill the curse of man;  
Some imperfection, or offence,  
In physicks, or in providence?  
The question old unanswer'd lies;  
“ Whence did the curse of evil rise?”



By Wolfius left, and twenty more,  
 As puzzling as it stood before,  
 To God or devil still assign'd  
 The cause of ill by human-kind.

In disobedience to his God,  
 Did man himself call down the rod?  
 Or did th' arch-fiend, from heaven that fell,  
 Inspire the mischief to rebel?  
 Yet, sure, if pow'r preventive given,  
 No angel e'er had fell from heaven;  
 Man had no tempter known to vice;  
 Serpent, nor Eve, in Paradise.

Lorenzo, in the pride of sense,  
 Instruction's deem'd impertinence.  
 She, therefore, daughter of the wise,  
 Hath long been shelter'd in disguise;  
 Ent'ring, beneath the mask of sport,  
 The presence, tho' forbid the court:  
 So fond with young delight to stray,  
 And moralize the wanton's play,  
 That ev'n her precepts still prevail  
 In every favorite gossip's tale.  
 Yet so that those who seek to learn,  
 With ease the naked truth discern;  
 To genius but a pleasing task  
 To sport with allegory's mask.

The moral, then, from tales deduct;  
And let philosophy instruct.

Angelic truths let angels scan:  
Ours is the scrutiny of man.

Ours but in reason's bounded course  
Allow'd to try our native force;  
Confin'd within life's little space  
The fleetest genius at the race,  
In vain we urge beyond the goal  
Th' ideal courfers of the soul.

Art thou, my friend, so ill at ease  
That all thy prospects here displease?  
Dost thou, in peevishness or pain,  
Of nature's system all complain?  
Of blunders there, confusion here,  
Of heav'n too distant, hell too near?  
In mood so splenetic, my friend,  
Say what those evils that offend:  
Thy doubts propose, thy questions ask,  
And take omniscieny to task.

Takes thy sagacity offence  
At all thou seest of providence?  
Dost thou the constitution blame  
Of nature's universal frame,

Dost thou heaven's boasted care deny  
 When tempests sweep along the sky;  
 Thy feather'd geese when whirlwinds bear  
 Aloft, and scatter, wide in air;  
 Or from the hills impetuous rains  
 Descend and strip th' autumnal plains?  
 Concluding the machinery vile  
 When earthquakes shake our stable isle,  
 When Etna and Vesuvius flame;  
 To nature each a burning shame!  
 Finds thy philosophy as soon  
 Faulty th' attraction of the moon,  
 When death resistless, roaring rides  
 In triumph o'er the swelling tides,  
 Or bathing in destruction, drowns  
 Flocks, herds and men and helpless towns;  
 Or bears them off some mountain steep  
 All headlong down, to glut the deep?

Or is thy wiser censure bent  
 Against some comet's dire event?  
 In time to come, time out of mind,  
 To fall into the sun design'd;  
 Suspicious that, if planets turn  
 To comets, ours at length may burn;  
 And we be doom'd, some sultry day,  
 To fierce devouring flames a prey!

Lorenzo, is this strain admir'd,  
 Here mayst thou rail till sense be tir'd.  
 But judge not thou, like sophists vain,  
 Of gen'ral good by partial gain :  
 Thinking when cross'd our stubborn will  
 Such is a providential ill.  
 For know, no abstract cause exists  
 And battles in creation's lists,  
 A formal enemy to man,  
 Since nature's tournaments began,  
 Inflam'd with enmity and power  
 God's human likeness to devour.  
 No, — 'tis impossible a cause  
 Should counteract creation's laws,  
 The hand of providence arrest,  
 Or heaven's determin'd pow'r contest :  
 As one or other must prevail,  
 And one, or both together, fail.  
 But nature knows no real strife,  
 However jarring human life,  
 From evil and from error free ;  
 These only relative to thee,  
 In icy chains let winter bind  
 The glebe untrod by human-kind,  
 Fierce light'nings flash, and thunders roll  
 Their horrors only round the pole ;  
 Let Malfrooms roar, and Heclas blaze  
 Where fools nor cowards stand to gaze :

Let islands drown; let mountains melt;  
 These were no evils if unfelt.  
 'Mid southern seas and lands unknown  
 Should agonizing nature groan,  
 There only, ease her future throes,  
 And harmless terrors round disclose;  
 Earthquakes would lose their evil name,  
 And heaven no longer bear the blame:  
 Tho evils now we loudly call  
 Lima's, and Ulyssippo's \*, fall.

Lorenzo, of creation's plan  
 But parts are visible to man;  
 Whence, ign'rant of their various use,  
 We think them subject to abuse;  
 Tho all with art consummate join,  
 Conducive to heaven's main design.  
 As parts to complex engines prove,  
 Inspir'd by mechanism to move,  
 This retrograde, and that direct,  
 In diff'rent modes to one effect;  
 So, howsoe'er they clash to sense,  
 The sev'ral springs of providence,  
 In concert, at their maker's will,  
 Their ends harmoniously fulfil:  
 Upheld the weight, let fall the rod,  
 As urges the first mover, God.

\* Lisbon, so called from its supposed founder, Ulysses.



How blind are, then, the smatt'ring fools,  
 Just taught their geometric rules,  
 The simple use of rule and line;  
 To these who nature would confine?  
 Its laws who else capricious call,  
 Or say "it acts by none at all;  
 " The macrocosm's vast engine made  
 " By one that knew not half his trade;  
 " Its bungling engineer at hand,  
 " To help it forward, at a stand."  
 Impious! like Marli's, doth it take  
 The pains to mend it did to make,  
 Requiring endless cost and care  
 To hold in tenable repair?  
 Ah! no, howe'er to us it seem,  
 Creation is a perfect scheme.

Lorenzo, let not words deceive.  
 All imperfection's relative;  
 Since from conceiv'd amendments came  
 The patch-work we perfection name;  
 A term for something understood  
 Productive still of mortals' good.  
 But, of perfection absolute  
 All nature is, beyond dispute;  
 For all from God is here deriv'd,  
 And all is perfect God contriv'd.



"Man's surely perfect then" you cry.  
 As man, most perfect, I reply:  
 The creature of his Maker's will,  
 Form'd his good pleasure to fulfil;  
 Destin'd in th' universal plan  
 To fill his place, and act, as man.  
 What tho on earth the human mind  
 Involv'd in ignorance we find,  
 Impassion'd, fickle, giv'n to pride,  
 Nor resting e'er self-satisfied;  
 Doth pow'r comparative t' improve  
 Perfection positive remove!  
 As well imperfect might we say  
 The rising sun at early day.  
 Since with superiour heat and light  
 It blazes in meridian height.  
 Form'd with progressive pow'rs to rise  
 From out the dust to tread the skies,  
 Perfect as such humanity  
 However lowly in degree.  
 How ignorant and weak are those  
 Who nature's author, then, suppose  
 In providence remains a spy,  
 To guard his work with watchful eye;  
 From fallen angels' base intent  
 The direful outrage to prevent;  
 To rescue, or preserve, his plan  
 From that prodigious creature, man.

Like

Like the young steed, that scours the plain,  
Is nature wild, and needs a rein?  
Or halts she like a founde'r'd jade;  
Lame by her frequent stumbling made?

Perhaps, Lorenzo, some mistake,  
Concerning providence, we make;  
The pow'rs of nature to divide  
From its imaginary guide;  
For, if creation has, in fact,  
Been long ago a finish'd act,  
What end doth lab'ring time pursue?  
Or what hath providence in view?  
For sure thou wilt not take the side  
Of those, whose ignorance and pride  
Maintain the universe design'd  
Merely to gratify mankind:  
A stage, as on a stroller's cart,  
Where drolls itjn'rant play their part,  
In grinning mirth, or brawling strife:  
The tragi-comedy of life!

Was, then, heav'n's wond'rous pow'r display'd;  
This system in perfection made,  
Only to wear itself away?  
Stupendous frame! for mere decay!  
Its worlds to wander thro the void,  
Destroying, till themselves destroy'd;

Or, in some future, fabled, days,  
 To take imaginary blaze  
 At flames, that all to ruin turn,  
 Annihilating as they burn?  
 Risk'd, then, the censure of my wit,  
 I hold the world unfinish'd yet:  
 Time building what heaven's wisdom plann'd,  
 Creation's work ev'n yet in hand.  
 Thro nature's scenes in order range;  
 See all things in continual change;  
 All to some point progressive run,  
 To do, or else to be undone:  
 Existing for so short a space,  
 Thousands we know but by their place,  
 Which chang'd, by changing form, we say  
 The things themselves are pass'd away.  
 No proofs of Being objects bring,  
 Whose essence ever on the wing,  
 Flown from their forms, ere yet defin'd,  
 Leaves no identity behind.

But waving this, yet find we here  
 No abstract cause of ill, to fear:  
 Since on the feelings of mankind  
 Depends the ev'ry ill we find:  
 Whence, tho our suff'rings ill we call,  
 They've no abstracted cause at all:

For, stript creation of mankind,  
No evil would be left behind.

To this will cavillers reply ?

“ We ask not where those causes lie ;

“ If in externals be th’ offence,

“ Or in the pravity of sense :

“ That real ill exists is plain,

“ While man is sensible of pain.”

In answer, my Lorenzo, here,

No vaunting stoicism fear :

Nor think thy friend so madly wise

’T’ affect his mis’ries to despise.

I ne’er presume that point to reach,

Nor ’gainst the voice of nature preach :

None feel more tenderly than I :

Mine the soft heart and wat’ry eye,

The sanguine hopes, the groundless fears ;

Still unsubdu’d by sense or years ;

Ah, too susceptible of pain

When vice, or folly, but complain !

Yet, ev’n while tears of anguish flow,

I hold no abstract ill we know.

’Tis true, my friend, no man alive

Could, in his senses, gravely strive

The wretch in torture to persuade

Of evil not to be afraid ;

The murd'rer, mangled on the wheel,  
 To smile at harmless rope and steel;  
 Or that the blows, that loitering kill,  
 Cannot be physically ill.  
 Afurd, the argument, and vain!  
 Since all we know of ill is pain.

And yet, as, neither griev'd nor pain'd,  
 Of evil man had ne'er complain'd;  
 If, relative, our blifs and woe  
 Reciprocally ebb and flow,  
 'Tis palpable that joy and strife  
 Are but the modes of human life;  
 Which varied with consummate skill  
 May, on the whole, be good nor ill.

Sayst thou the learned are agreed  
 The ills of life the good exceed?  
 Lorenzo, peevish, sick, or vain,  
 How nat'ral is it to complain!  
 But sure experience here denies  
 This thread-bare maxim of the wise.  
 Behold the weak, the blind, the lame,  
 The sons of poverty and shame,  
 The wretch, expiring by degrees  
 By amputations or disease;  
 Such whose vile lot, the world their foe,  
 Contempt and beggary below:

Shouldst



Shouldst thou to this, or that, propose  
 In death a cure for all their woes;  
 Tell 'em, oppress'd with human strife,  
 "Wide stand the num'rous doors of life,  
 "With open arms, the wretch to save,  
 "Rest welcomes mis'ry to the grave."

How few your recipé will try;

Tho dying piece-meal, loth to die.

Nor merely from the fear of worse,

Tenacious of a present curse.

For say annihilation here

The all poor mortals have to fear,

How few would yet their ills incline

Their sense of being to resign;

To part, on terms like these, from pain,

With pleasure ne'er to meet again;

Ev'n nature shudders at the thought,

To sink unconscious into naught;

In mere existence sure mankind

Must then intrinsic pleasure find;

Some good equivalent must feel

To such suppos'd excess of ill;

Since thus, in death, so loth to part

The aching head and bleeding heart.

May not, indeed, all human woe

Be ballanc'd by our joys below?



Dost thou, Lorenzo, doubt of this?  
 How dost thou measure earthly bliss?  
 'Tis not by extasy alone  
 Thy actual share of joy is known:  
 Duration adds to the degree,  
 As much as its intensity.  
 Joy for a moment's space how small!  
 Pain instantaneous, none at all;  
 Thro life continued little less  
 Ev'n bare content than happiness:  
 The joyous extasy of bliss  
 Dilating rarified to this.  
 Be it on individuals tried;  
 Each needs but to be satisfied:  
 The longing wish, the sigh is o'er  
 When once content; we ask no more.  
 Thus equal joy we often taste  
 In short-liv'd pleasures, snatch'd in haste,  
 As others, or, when raptur'd less,  
 For years, ev'n we, ourselves, possess.  
 Hence oft asserted in dispute  
 That time ideas constitute;  
 Sense of duration so confin'd  
 To that which passes in the mind.  
 Th' expectant lover, thinks, in rage,  
 His Stella's absent hour an age;  
 While short and sweet the moments fly,  
 When love and she sit smiling by:

Nor giv'n their epithets in vain  
 To fleeting joy, and lingering pain,  
 In minutes flown each joyful day,  
 Each sad one whil'd in hours away.  
 Nay, tho of life tenacious all,  
 Longevity no bliss we call.  
 In diff'rent animals, at least,  
 The less the greater's constant feast,  
 'Tis probable their joys and strife  
 Are suited to their term of life.  
 Whence equal pleasure, equal pain,  
 May long-liv'd elephants sustain  
 With young ephemerons, whose flight,  
 At noon beginning, ends at night;  
 During which momentary space,  
 They rise, love, battle, and embrace,  
 Flutt'ring around, till, out of breath,  
 They drop into the arms of death.

From self-experience dost thou rate  
 The real hardship of thy fate?  
 Art thou with ev'ry friend at strife?  
 Seest thou no gentle joy in life?  
 Dost thou no fav'rite scheme possess,  
 That yields contemplative success?  
 Hast thou no hope; no good dost choose,  
 A good, thou wouldst not die to lose?

Thy day, thus clouded at the dawn,  
 Will brighter shine, its clouds withdrawn:  
 Or, is thy morn of sun-shine past?  
 With clouds thy ev'ning's overcast:  
 Wouldst of its brightness know th' amount?  
 Bring morn and ev'ning to account.

Stands nature then, so long abus'd,  
 Of abstract evil thus excus'd?  
 As little truth is understood  
 By those, who hold all nature good.  
 "Whatever is, is right."—It may;  
 But therefore good we cannot say;  
 Unless some general bliss we see  
 Arise from partial misery.  
 In spite of truth, in reason's spite  
 When vex'd, or pain'd, we all deny't;  
 Ne'er, till the pain be o'er, confessing  
 That was, which never is, a blessing.  
 The term's, then, here misunderstood.  
 Right's not equivocal to good;  
 Goodness adapted and confin'd  
 To th' appetites of human-kind;  
 The right, unknown to you or me:  
 Tho sure what is is fit to be!  
 Let Plato, then, or Leibnitz prate  
 Of goodness influencing fate;

Or idle sophists still contest  
 Their boasted principle the best:  
 By disputants, or either side,  
 The partial term is misapplied.  
 That God is good they know full well;  
 But what his goodness none can tell;  
 Unless to man, his kindness shown  
 His good's dependent on our own.

Lorenzo, merely to mankind  
 Thus evil physical confin'd;  
 Of moral next, a puzzling task,  
 An explanation dost thou ask?  
 Sayst thou "Heaven's care no more extends  
 "To physical than moral ends;  
 "The same the providential power,  
 "That rains the soft, refreshing shower.  
 "That, in the womb of teeming earth,  
 "Its atoms quickens into birth,  
 "Doth in the moral scene connect  
 "The cause and consequent effect;  
 "On virtue peace of heart bestows;  
 "Softens the good man's casual woes;  
 "Abandons vice to fell despair;  
 "Or plagues with heart-corroding care."  
 Concluding hence "that moral ill,  
 "Opposing nature's righteous will,

“ Aloud for heaven’s dread vengeance calls,  
 “ The curse that on the guilty falls.”  
 So far, Lorenzo, I with thee,

In part most readily agree;  
 That vice will leave a sting behind,  
 And virtue its reward shall find;  
 Yet all, with good St. Paul, confess  
 “ Without a law we can’t transgress.”

Now nature’s law is heaven’s command;  
 Whose will no mortal can withstand.

How ! lives earth’s animated clod  
 To contravene the will of God?

As well, advent’rous of his neck,  
 The laws of gravity to break,  
 Presumptuous man might seek to fly,

A creeping earth-worm, to the sky ;  
 Or don the bishop’s winged shoon,

To trip it yarely to the moon.

What curse foe’er then vice provoke,  
 Creation’s laws can ne’er be broke.

But know, by physical alone  
 Is moral good or evil known ;  
 For, had not vice the pow’r to vex,  
 Its evil never would perplex.  
 Each moral thus a partial ill,  
 Permitted by th’ eternal will ;

To mortals relative th' offence  
And punishments of providence.

Lorenzo, state the matter clear.

Be pain and pleasure strangers here.

Strangers to pleasures and to pain,

What motives had we to complain?

Suppose we, then, in nature's plan,

T' exist th' automaton of man,

Rising from senseless matter's arms,

Which perfect rest nor grieves, nor charms;

Should heaven a consciousness bestow,

Subject to good or ill below;

Not real pain or pleasure give,

But only make the form to live:

As yet from all reflection clear,

Unnerv'd by hope, unaw'd by fear,

Suppose to action thus consign'd

This naked, unaffected mind.

Lorenzo, with precision hence

Let us infer the consequence.

Ere yet exist'd moral ill,

The first sole agent was the will;

Reason without the pow'r to act,

To censure or advise a fact;

As from experience nought it knew,

Of good or bad, or false or true:



For reason its conclusion draws  
 From similar effect and cause;  
 No instinct, faculty or sense,  
 Securing actual innocence,  
 That bids us virtue's steps pursue,  
 Or points to bliss it never knew;  
 Else giving reason bounteous heaven  
 Had also actual pleasure given:  
 This not suppos'd, — hence reason's use  
 Some known effect must introduce  
 Now, as innate, if we maintain  
 A love of bliss and hate of pain,  
 Directed as the passions fir'd,  
 The will to pleasure first aspir'd;  
 The moral agent bound to chuse,  
 From nature's most immediate views.  
 But, prone to censure and complain,  
 Suppose our first sensation pain;  
 Let pain or pleasure be attain'd,  
 Of both an equal sense was gain'd;  
 As the first tree of knowledge bore  
 Of good and evil equal store;  
 For when the mind one pleasure knew,  
 Its neutral state of rest withdrew;  
 Pleasure and pain, by contrast known,  
 Criteria of each other grown.  
 Hence felt th' initiated mind  
 The sting which pleasure left behind,

And

And reason did to act commence  
On th' information of the sense;  
Still as the passions ebb and flow,  
Now swoln with bliss, now sunk in woe,  
Tracing the bounds, th' extremes between,  
Of innocence, that golden mean.  
But ah, the fluctuating tide  
Of passion doth this mean deride:  
Consistent only, 'tis confess'd, —  
With nature in a state of rest.

Here then from moral actions came  
The necessary ill, we blame:  
Running self-love, in full career,  
Reason her guide not always near,  
Her satisfaction oft pursuing,  
Tho at her own and others' ruin:  
Th' indulgence of the human will,  
We hence presume is moral ill,  
Whene'er from such indulgence flows  
More pain than pleasure it bestows.

In guilt original involv'd,  
Here see the wond'rous myst'ry solv'd.  
To the first man no more confin'd,  
Than passions found in ev'ry mind,  
Is, the plain cause of moral woe,  
Sin, human frailty here below.

Lorenzo, evil understood,  
 The die's reverse is moral good:  
 Whate'er more pleasure yields than pain,\*  
 The name of goodness doth obtain.

Unsatisfied, Lorenzo, yet,  
 Dost thou lost happiness regret?  
 Doth, from our plan of morals, seem  
 Still providence no perfect scheme,  
 Because, perplex'd with fear or pain,  
 Ev'n virtue covets bliss in vain?  
 Dost thou against the cause object?  
 " 'Tis disproportion'd to th' effect,  
 " Thus in th' intemp'rance of the will  
 " To place the source of moral ill:  
 " Our passions but a nat'ral cause,  
 " Obedient to creation's laws,  
 " Here palpably too innocent  
 " The cause of mis'ry to be meant."  
 Must I repeat it o'er again?  
 From pleasure flows our sense of pain.  
 Dependent these as light and shade,  
 Thro' life, each other's contrast made.  
 Whence, tho' to moderation join'd  
 Content's serenity of mind,

\* Not, indeed, solely to the agent, but to mankind, or  
 the moral world in general.

While vice but sports with higher glee  
To sink as low in misery,  
Proportion'd to the guilty joy  
The pangs intemperance annoy;  
Yet, on the whole, no abstract ill

Doth here confront th' eternal will;  
Of evil all th' effected strife  
But relative to human life.

Sayst thou indeed, "if man confin'd  
" To fill the place by heaven assign'd,  
" But partially to rise, or fall,  
" Why feels he misery at all?"

Another question answers this.

What title have mankind to bliss?

During thy life if, man and boy,

Thy share of both thou mayst enjoy;

If perfect rest the certain mean

Our pleasures and our pains between;

Null the momentum of our pain;

Who shall of providence complain?

Seest thou incumbering the ground,

The barren fig-trees branching round;

While virtue stands the brunt of vice,

And knaves possess fools' paradise?

'Tis here indeed our error lies;

Our virtues we too high'y prize;

And adequate rewards to find, gauds and trifles  
 Create them fondly to our mind: **delight**  
 Not satisfied on heaven to trust,  
 Or think its dispensations just,  
 Unless his conduct God submit  
 To our investigating wit; **to hold the**  
 Here toiling, as an humble drudge,  
 For man, his critick, lord and judge.

What merit in thy maker's eye  
 That thou vain man art six feet high;  
 To heaven must all, with shame, agree  
 Unprofitable servants we;  
 Unworthy of celestial dress  
 The rags of human righteousness;  
 The all that virtue has to boast,  
 Claiming the world's regard, at most.

As virtue here so vice depends.

Ourselves our guilt the most offends.  
 For know, proud man, no act of thine  
 Renders defective God's design:  
 No pow'r to human frailty given  
 To injure unprevailing heaven.  
 Presume not at so high a price  
 To rate th' iniquity of vice.  
 Nor let the vainly-virtuous fool,  
 Projecting heaven by line and rule,



Sore lask'd and wasting to the bone,  
 The crimes of health and ease t' atone,  
 Conceive by want of rest or meat  
 Th' eternal purpose to defeat.  
 Presume not at so cheap a rate  
 To hold th' omnipotence of fate.

Yet who shall say that guilt is free,  
 Or promise vice impunity?  
 Since 'tis so plain the sting of woe  
 To joy inordinate doth grow;  
 While none from virtue's paths would stray  
 If pleasure did not lead the way.  
 Can virtue also hence despair?  
 Since virtue's providence's care;  
 Compensing pleasure due to pain,  
 Nor this nor that bestow'd in vain.

Let fools, when hard their present lot,  
 Think distant heaven has earth forgot;  
 In discontent aloud complain,  
 "That all our trust in heaven is vain,"  
 Pretending God the world protects,  
 And yet its sev'ral parts neglects.  
 Do thou, Lorenzo, better taught,  
 Never indulge so wild a thought;  
 Conceiving th' individual man  
 No charge on nature's gen'ral plan.



What tho impossible that we  
 At once the whole and parts should see;  
 To single objects here confin'd  
 Th' attention of the human mind;  
 Yet, shall we blasphemously join  
 Heaven's intellects with yours and mine?  
 Know thou the world's great architect  
 Its smallest part shall not neglect;  
 As needful in the stately pile,  
 As golden roofs th' abutments vile;  
 Nor, in their kind, more perfect they,  
 The parian stones, than potter's clay.  
 How sadly, blundering in the dark,  
 Here St. John mis'd his boasted mark;  
 When, heaven's omnipotence t'enhance,  
 He almost gave the world to chance;  
 Supposing God too great to mind  
 The peccadillos of mankind;  
 Too insignificant our claim  
 To Deity's immediate aim.  
 Or rather, from his reasons given,  
 He thought the task too great for heaven;  
 Too puzzling for th' eternal wit  
 To hold its state and thus submit;  
 Wherefore, like th' idiot at a loss  
 To count, heaven takes us in the gross.

Lorenzo, probable the scheme,  
 However strange the doctrine seem,  
 Whate'er the next world give, in this  
 That virtue hath its share of bliss;  
 While all accounts 'tween vice and woe  
 Are settled and discharg'd below:  
 No ballance to receive or pay,  
 Left, shuffling, for a future day.  
 Go, make an estimate of life;  
 Compare the sums of joy and strife;  
 Each in its separate degree,  
 Duration and intensity.  
 Perhaps, upon the whole, you'll find  
 That nothing's due to human kind;  
 Nor loss nor profit in the trade  
 Of transient pains and pleasures made.  
 Mean-time how difficult to guess  
 At real objects of distress!  
 How difficult, in fact, to trace  
 Where real pleasure hath a place!  
 See, shuddering at September's frost,  
 In clothes of fur, duke Chilly lost;  
 Lamenting, with his belly full,  
 The tinker's half-cloath'd, starving trull;  
 A jade, that, warmer than his grace,  
 Laughs at his pity to his face.  
 Accustom'd to the melting mood,  
 So, wishing ev'ry mortal good,

Behold Tendrilla drown her eyes  
 At what the sufferers despise!  
 How oft, the scene revers'd, again  
 Apparent bliss is actual pain!  
 How oft we hear much-envied state  
 Groan beneath bulky grandeur's weight  
 Of thousands broke their nightly rest  
 By that for which we call them blest!  
 Nay, as a God on earth ador'd;  
 See the dread inquisition's lord,  
 Rais'd, in the pomp of priestly pride,  
 How envied, by his monarch's side!  
 And yet how mis'erable a part  
 He acts, if not extinct his heart:  
 How little less, at nature's cost  
 If ev'ry social feeling lost.

Mean-while the wretch, for whom we sigh,

In cruel tortures doom'd to die,  
 To pain superiour, fear or shame,  
 Exulting, smiles amidst the flame;  
 Makes his proud judge with malice swell;  
 And triumphs over death and hell.

Proportion'd to the weight of care,  
 Gives nature thus the pow'r to bear;  
 But partial judges we, 'tis plain,  
 Of others' joy or others' pain,

So vice and virtue could we trace,  
 Neither is stamp'd upon the face;  
 And who to read presumes the art  
 The secret of another's heart?  
 Nay, ev'n that art how little known  
 To open, and peruse our own!  
 Who then, so much a slave to sense,  
 Shall here arraign heaven's providence;  
 Thinking "the good the world may leave  
 Ere virtue's portion they receive;  
 Triumphant that the wicked go,  
 Blest, or unpunish'd, here below:  
 As if our end a slight event,  
 Depending on mere accident."  
 Is this not atheism in the eye  
 Of those who atheism most decry?  
 Who made the world, with equal skill  
 Can surely guide it, if he will.  
 Who, then, appearances shall trust,  
 To think that heaven's on earth unjust;  
 When vice and virtue may relate  
 Solely to man's sublunar state;  
 And here, for ought we truly know,  
 Be paid their dues of joy and woe.  
 Yet think not thou I here deny  
 That virtuous souls ascend the sky;

Or that the grov'ling sons of vice  
 Shall be excluded paradise,  
 Prepar'd, my friend, the man, in life,  
 By varied means of joy and strife,  
 Or, by redemption's wond'rous grace,  
 To view his maker face to face,  
 In death compleated for the state,  
 Design'd him by the will of fate,  
 A place of constant rest may find  
 The portion of the virtuous mind;  
 A place, comparatively ill,  
 For those whose god their brutal will;  
 By heaven th' immortal Being plac'd.  
 Consistent with its pow'rs and taste.  
 Such future scenes may sure be given;  
 This call'd a hell and that a heaven;  
 And justly vice and virtue, here,  
 Have that to hope and this to fear.

Still do I hear the growl of care?  
 "To be we know not what or where!"  
 Is it, because we know not why,  
 So sad a thing for once to die?  
 Is it so hazardous, my friend,  
 On God our maker to depend?  
 That God to whom we being owe,  
 Our friend and guardian here below?

Who,

Who, all along the vale of life,  
In ev'ry scene of care and strife,  
Affords his providential arm,  
To raise beneath, or shield from, harm?  
Is it for him so hard to save  
Our conscious Being from the grave?  
Secure, Lorenzo, in the pow'r,  
That wak'd me at my natal hour,  
To me, and mine, in life so just,  
On this in life I mean to trust:  
Safe in the hollow of his hand,  
Content to fall by whom I stand,  
Of whom I kiss the chast'ning rod,  
And bless the father in the God.



## LUSUS NATURÆ, TYPOGRAPHUS.

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens

VIRG.

I thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN nature's workshop, on a day,  
Her journeymen, inclin'd to play,  
Half-drunk 'twixt cup and can,  
Took up a clod, which she with care  
Was modelling a huge sea-bear,  
And swore they'd make a man,

They tried; but, handling ill their tools,  
Form'd, like a pack of bungling fools,  
A thing so gross and odd,  
That, when it roll'd about the dish,  
They knew not if 'twere flesh or fish,  
A man or hodmandod.

Yet,

Yet, to compleat the piece of fun,

They christen'd it Arch Hamilton:

"But what can this thing do?"

Kick it down stairs; the devil's in't

If it won't do to write and print

—The Critical Review.

Virc.

I thought some of nature's journey-men had made  
men, and not made them well: they imitated  
humanity so abominably.

SHAKESPEARE.

In nature's workshop, on a day,  
Her journey-men, inclin'd to play,  
Half-drunk 'twixt cup and can,  
Took up a clod, with the wish that  
Was modelling a huge sea-beast,  
And swore they'd make a man.

They tried; but heeling all their round  
To form it into a longing hand,  
A thing to gird and odd  
That, when it's left about the dish,  
They knew no use to 'twixt their teeth or fifth,  
A man or hominoid.

ART

Yes

## ART AND NATURE.

## A SHORT STORY.

Also WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXIV.

IN the youth of old Time, madam Nature still gay,  
 And Art, in the bloom of her beauty,  
 Together for ever, at work or at play,  
 Were united by love or by duty.

But Time, by lewd Fashion, seducing the maid,  
 The mother the daughter discarded;  
 'Till Custom concealing the breach that was made,  
 The faux-pas grew at length less regarded.

I was told, at Spring-gardens, and this place and  
 t'other

Art and Nature were seen in alliance.

The daughter I met with, but, as for the mother,  
 Our artists had bid her defiance.

On fresh information I posted to Kew,

And look'd round the princesses gardens,

That both had been there I saw proofs not a few,

Tho some of them not worth three farthings.



## THE SHROPSHIRE GOOSE.

A FABLE.

OCCASIONED BY THE MANUFACTURE OF THE  
OPERA OF ALMENÀ.

A Shropshire goose, urg'd t'other day  
To waddle in parade,  
Meeting a peacock on the way,  
Besought his friendly aid.

For, grown beside a filthy lake  
Most wond'rous foul and fusty,  
Droll was the figure she did make  
With plumage bare and rusty.

The peacock, hearing her bewail,  
And mov'd, tho proud, to pity,  
Shook the loose feathers from his tail,  
And dress'd her somewhat pretty.

This done, she turn'd her rump about  
And saw it made so fine,  
“ D - - n it,” says she, “ the world will doubt  
“ These feathers being mine.

“ Tho

" Tho stolen plumes I safely wear,  
 " It mayn't be safe to borrow, —  
 " But hold — disguis'd with proper care,  
 " They won't be known to-morrow."

Displaying, then, a goose's taste  
 And rumpilng ev'ry feather,  
 She sought the muddy pool in haste  
 And plaister'd them together.

Dy'd flut in grain, the dirty elf  
 Thus spoilt the decent madam;  
 Her plumes no credit to herself,  
 Nor him from whom she had 'em.



## ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

O Blind to truth, to science blind,  
 The skeptic tribe of human-kind!  
 Who doubt, Lorenzo, if our lot  
 Be here to die and be forgot,  
 Or if it prove our future fate  
 To know an intellectual state,  
 In death to perish, or to rise,  
 Immortal to our native skies.

Allur'd by wit to neither side,  
 Be reason our impartial guide;  
 Let us, Lorenzo, fairly weigh  
 What argument hath here to say.

Hast thou poor Dromio's sophisms got,  
 Who bids us vegetate and rot;  
 Man but a rank and useless weed?  
 Prove them alike, and 'tis agreed.  
 But the analogy of parts  
 Is all that's prov'd by skeptic arts.  
 Say that, " of vegetable race,

" We spread the root from place to place ;

" The lovely flow'r of beauty blows,  
 " Twin sister to the province rose,  
 " Allures at morn the gazing eye,  
 " That ere the ev'ning sees it die."  
 Say, " years disrobe the mantled brow,  
 " As winter strips th' autumnal bough;  
 " The rough, rude blast to both unkind,  
 " Both perish by an eastern wind;  
 " Or, by the ax, untimely blow!  
 " Are laid their spreading honours low."  
 Admit, Lorenzo, this be true:  
 Go on,—the parallel pursue.  
 Say, " the tall elms, yon stately row,  
 " Sweet transports of sensation know;  
 " When zephyrs kiss the lily's breast  
 " The lily's rapture be confess'd."  
 Say " the broad oak, when thunders roar,  
 " Fears till the thunder-storm be o'er;  
 " Conscious of doubt and dread by turns,  
 " Stands trembling as the forest burns;  
 " Alive, awake, to nature's laws,  
 " From nature's scenes experience draws;  
 " Throbbing its trunk with hopes and fears.  
 " Grown old in wisdom as in years!  
 Is this absurd? absurd indeed!  
 Lorenzo how unlike a weed!

To moral arguments dost run; dost run the self-righteous  
 Here shall we end as we begun; no more  
 Sayst thou "the virtuous, when they die,  
 " In their own right ascend the sky;  
 " The wicked, here unpunish'd, go  
 " To torment in the world below;  
 " Heaven's justice else we should arraign,  
 " And prove the virtuous good in vain."

You take, my friend, for granted here,  
 What none by reason make appear;  
 That vice at God Almighty's hands  
 Eternal punishment demands;  
 While endless bliss beyond the skies  
 Justice bestows, as virtue's prize.  
 Justice! Lorenzo, what, my friend,  
 By justice dost thou here intend?  
 Her sword she holds; but, say, what aile  
 The equilibrium of her scales?  
 How low the one, tho' empty, lies,  
 To kick the beam while t'other flies!

Alas, I see by what compell'd;  
 In diff'rent mediums are they held;  
 One in material fluids baoy'd,  
 The other in a perfect void;  
 Weigh'd in eternity and time,  
 The punishment against the crime!

Dare the self-righteous tribe to say,  
That heaven's no more than virtue's pay,  
While vice demerits endless woe  
Needs God a friend? fears God a foe  
Holding vindictive rage in store,  
For his own sake, on man to pour  
O, No!—unhurt th' Almighty cause,  
Or kept, or broken, human laws.

Cease, then, presumption, to contend  
That mortals heaven can so offend,  
As at an infinite expence,  
To answer a finite offence  
To pay the fine immortal made;  
Which else they never could have paid  
The dying wretch tho tyrants cure,  
But tortures longer to endure;  
With nature cruelly at strife  
When criminals are quit with life;  
Can God, whose tender mercies flow  
O'er all his varied works below,  
Whose loving kindness all confess,  
Whose name the distant nations bless;  
Say, can this God, of boundless love,  
Vengeful as earthly tyrants prove  
O shame, Lorenzo, shame to all  
Who cruelty can justice call!

Such argument, beside, is vain,  
 Unless the premises were plain;  
 Unless we first could make it clear,  
 That vice can ne'er be punish'd here;  
 That virtue must be ever blest,  
 For following but its interest;  
 Or that we truly could define  
 That justice mortals call divine.

By metaphysics dost thou strive  
 To keep the man in death alive?  
 Wouldst thou, set moral pleas aside,  
 The body from the soul divide?  
 Material that and born to die,  
 While this a native of the sky;  
 Objects that none can hear and see  
 Hence claiming immortality!  
 But, say, is thy corporeal claim  
 Laid to the matter, or the frame?  
 Is it the substance of the heart  
 Or make, that is the mortal part?  
 Doth change of form bring death alone?  
 Form we must immaterial own.  
 If to the essence of the clay,  
 Again, mortality we lay,  
 Doom'd the loath'd carcass to the worm,  
 The substance changes but its form:



Through modes of being given to range,  
 Immortal in perpetual change,  
 Matter by all the skeptic crowd  
 Essentially the same allow'd;  
 In death, in life, our shame, our pride,  
 In various forms but modified,  
 Say, then, the matter or the frame,  
 Or both, in body have a claim;  
 Nor mortal, nor immortal, we  
 From our materiality.

Lorenzo, doth thy bosom beat,  
 To claim in heaven th' immortal seat?  
 So fond of thy existence here,  
 Dost thou annihilation fear?  
 To fall as undistinguish'd clay  
 To dumb forgetfulness a prey?  
 The joys of paradise in view,  
 Sayst thou " thy claim must needs be true,  
 " Else, wherefore doth thy fond desire  
 " To immortality aspire?"  
 Whate'er in hope be heaven's intent,  
 This is, my friend, no argument.  
 I, too, perhaps, so pleas'd to live,  
 My very means of life might give,  
 All I am worth, from death to save,  
 If hope were buried in the grave.



But let Lorenzo never trust: not might nor wisdom  
 To wish or hope, however just: men's minds are  
 Nor let a passionate desire immo-  
 To reason's sober task aspire. but nothing  
 Wouldst thou false principles defend,  
 Because they serve a pleasing end? And death should  
 Who loves the truth will sure despise: mean-while,  
 Her cause to rest on specious lies. Concerning  
 What merit doth it add to worth: prove that it  
 That knaves its virtues babble forth: It sees Time  
 What added weight or consequence, In darkness  
 In suffrage, gives the fool to sense? The empire

Again, is't said " so closely join'd  
 " In life the body and the mind,  
 " Reciprocally form'd to bear  
 " Each other's weight of pain and care,  
 " Sharing alike the mutual joy,  
 " Which either wholly may destroy;  
 " Since thus together both concur,  
 " We know not either to prefer,  
 " If both be purposely combin'd,  
 " In use of body or of mind." Nor strange  
 Are there who weakly, hence, suppose  
 " The soul on sep'rate being knows;  
 " But, as the body doth decay,  
 " So wears the mortal mind away."

Yet wherefore might not at our birth,  
 Lodg'd in this tenement of earth,  
 Lock'd up for life th' immortal mind,  
 Its temporary prison find,  
 Till paid our vital debt should be,  
 And death should set the captive free?  
 Mean-while, in hope, in fear, in doubt,  
 Concerning friends and foes without,  
 Prone thro its prison grates to pry,  
 It sees Time's scatter'd ruins lie,  
 In darkness and confusion hurl'd,  
 The embryo of another world.  
 Why may not thus, on earth, be join'd  
 The body and the tenant mind?  
 Th' inhabitant, with cost and care,  
 Keeping his mansion in repair,  
 Us'd to the dungeon where he lies,  
 And prone his present home to prize,  
 Unknowing whither doom'd to roam,  
 If once bereft of house and home.  
 What wonder, then, for help he calls  
 When danger threatens his tott'ring walls?  
 Nor strange, if, heedless of their fate,  
 They tumble on his wareless pate;  
 Each other's mutual strength and ward,  
 The mansion and the mansion's lord.

So wears the mortal mind away.

What tho we hold the soul to be  
 Attach'd to sensibility,  
 Concludes Lorenzo rashly hence  
 The soul's as mortal as the sense?  
 Alleging that "in life we find  
 " Perception to the organs join'd,  
 " Poor mortals of sensation void  
 " As these are damag'd or destroy'd;  
 " Therefore the soul on sense depends,  
 " And with the failing organ ends."  
 Lorenzo, thro a darken'd glass  
 Seest thou but faintly objects pass?  
 More darken'd yet, dost thou confess  
 Thy certainty of vision less?  
 With its transparency thy sight  
 Decreasing, till obstructed quite?  
 Suppose it broke or let it fall,  
 Dost think thou couldst not see at all?  
 Ridiculous! when objects lie  
 All open to the naked eye.

Thus, may the soul, to body join'd,  
 Be deaf, irrational or blind:  
 But take th' obstructing organs hence,  
 At liberty its native sense,  
 By fits no more it hears and sees,  
 As now by piece-meal and degrees,

In partial modes, adapted here  
 To organs of the eye and ear;  
 But, intellect, all ear, all eye,  
 It reads the wonders of the sky,  
 At once what nature can disclose  
 Of scientific secrets knows;  
 Now sense and science both combin'd  
 In each perception of the mind.

But here, Lorenzo, for a while  
 Lay by the metaphysic foil.  
 With this, behind our darken'd glass,  
 Too apt to make a blund'ring pass:  
 By much more anxious, on the whole,  
 To guard the body than the soul.  
 Too nice th' anatomizing art,  
 To take them dextrously apart,  
 Let us on both inquiry plan,  
 And scrutinize their compound, man;  
 Contented from his present state  
 To reason of his future fate.

Doth Dromio say, to hold dispute,  
 " Man, if no plant, is yet a brute;  
 " A helpless animal in birth,  
 " His body form'd of kindred earth,  
 " An animal in his decay,  
 " His strength and vigour pass away;

" Equal

" Equal the beast's sagacious pow'rs,  
 " Or even superior oft to ours."  
 The politic, industrious bee  
 Dost own in wisdom rivals thee?  
 Economy secures from want  
 The careful and laborious ant,  
 While man, with all his boasted sense,  
 Riots at health's and life's expence,  
 Luxurious, casts his cares aside,  
 Or starves thro indolence or pride;  
 Here no pre-eminence his claim,  
 Insects! in life and death the same!

Is there no medium in dispute?  
 Must man be either God or brute?  
 Must we with burning seraphs join,  
 Or litter with the grov'ling swine?  
 Content to bear the slight disgrace  
 Of mingling with the brutal race,  
 Agreed,—for once, no longer proud,  
 Be men mere animals allow'd:  
 Say that, more helpless at his birth  
 Than ev'n the vilest brute on earth,  
 Man, if denied the nurse's care,  
 Might have run wild, a human bear;  
 Have beat the plains in search of food,  
 Or sought his shelter in the wood:



Devoid of language and of art,  
 Apparent brute in head and heart.  
 Yet still, Lorenzo, as we find  
 Some little difference, in kind;  
 Man, as an animal, is known,  
 By marks peculiarly his own.

Tho both, sharp-fighted, grave and fat,  
 Melinda, and her tabby cat,  
 Tho but a trifling diff'rence seen,  
 'Twixt Pug and Faddle, in the spleen,  
 The wild, the tame, the great, the small,  
 Included in one genus all;

We must not hence, my friend, infer  
 Melinda's only born to purr;  
 Nor that, because alike in shape,  
 Faddle by nature's but an ape.  
 What, if a monkey, taught in France,  
 A modish minuet could dance;  
 Or, mischievous, should play his tricks,  
 Vers'd in Parisian politicks,  
 Breaking thy China's brittle clay,  
 Tho sure to suffer for his play;  
 Wouldst thou acknowledge, hence, to me,  
 The pert baboon, un homme d'esprit?  
 Or own, on this sagacious plan,  
 A monkey's nat'rally a man?



Let rash polemicks idly prate  
Of nature and a nat'ral state,  
The arts of social life despise,  
And think that brutes are only wise;  
Pretending better had it been  
If kings and priests we ne'er had seen;  
If lawless, ignorant and wild,  
Man had been left, while yet a child,  
With brutes to share a common fate;

More blest than in his present state:  
Go thou, and act a social part,  
Man's nat'ral state's a state of art.  
'Twas nature, when the world was young,  
Made loose our first great grandfire's tongue;  
Taught his wild sons the force of speech,  
And gave the human pow'r to teach;  
To social converse tun'd the ear,  
Gave mutual love and mutual fear,  
Inspir'd the hero, warm'd the friend,  
And bade the strong the weak defend.  
'Twas nature gave religion's rule,  
And bade the wise conduct the fool;  
In justice gave the law, to save  
The weak and honest from the knave.  
'Twas nature rais'd our thoughts on high,  
In contemplation, to the sky;  
Taught us to beat the wilds of space,  
And worlds on worlds in ether trace;

Planets and suns unknown explore,  
And hence their maker, God, adore;  
All this you artificial call,  
I heed not empty terms at all:  
Call it by whatsoever name,  
'Tis human nature's special claim:  
Say, from mere phrases to depart,  
How differs nature here from art?

Within the solitary wood  
Rears the old brock her helpless brood;  
For safety, scouring to her den,  
At sight, or sound of dogs and men,  
'Tis nature warns her not to expose  
Herself, or offspring, to her foes;  
But sends her to the safe retreat,  
Where both enjoy their rest and meat.  
Why rears not man in forest wild,  
Or acorn grove, his fav'rite child?  
But, lodg'd in towns, and nurs'd with care,  
Protects and feeds his fondled heir?  
Expert, sure, were human race  
If train'd in forests, for the chase;  
The chase that might our food provide;  
And what need animals beside?

Lorenzo, here we plainly find  
The characters that mark our kind

'Twas

'Twas nature knowledge did impart,  
Which time has ripen'd into art:  
But call it art, or what you will,  
'Tis nature, human nature still:  
As natural for us, my friend,  
To bid the cloud-capt tow'rs ascend;  
To bid the floating castles ride  
On moving mountains of the tide;  
As for the bird and beast their food  
To seek in thicket, plain or wood,  
To build the nest, or dig the den,  
Far distant from the haunts of men.  
Science, disprove it those who can,  
Is, therefore, natural to man;  
To other animals denied  
This best and worst excuse for pride.

There are, 'tis true, who gravely hold  
" Grimalkin's no essential scold,  
" That men and monkies differ wide,  
" The former to the heavens allied:"  
Striving to prove, by various means,  
" That brutes are nothing but machines."  
But, can we e'er with these suppose  
Springs lodg'd within the terrier's nose,  
Direct his nimble feet to go  
Where the old fox lies earth'd below?

Or that by mere mechanicks Tray  
 Pursues his master's doubtful way?  
 For me, I frankly must impute  
 True syllogisms to e'en the brute:  
 A pow'r of reason, spite of pride,  
 No more to him than man denied.

So much admitting, dost thou say?  
 " I fairly throw my cause away,  
 " Unless to brutes, heaven also give  
 " In immortality to live."

Lorenzo, no.—Tho' less refin'd,  
 My pleas are of another kind:  
 Low as the dust tho' here we lie,  
 Yet death may raise us to the sky.  
 Is man a worm? 'Tis here his fate  
 To winter his aurelia state;  
 In time to burst his cell design'd,  
 And leave his clay-cold case behind;  
 Flutt'ring on angel wings, to rise  
 A bright papilio to the skies!

Distinguish'd from the beasts, my friend,  
 Experience ev'ry doubt may end;  
 Granting " by nature all enjoy  
 " The pow'rs heaven meant them to employ;  
 " Passion nor instinct e'er bestow'd  
 " On man, or beast, a useless load;

" But serving animals, in kind,  
 " To th' end for which they were design'd."  
 This once suppos'd, here end disputes;  
 Look round among our fellow brutes,  
 See to what point their labours tend,  
 And how in death their talents end.  
 Perfect the bird and beast, we find,  
 Advance not here their sev'ral kind;  
 From race to race no wiser grow,  
 No gradual perfection know;  
 T'increasing knowledge void their claim,  
 Still their specific pow'rs the same;  
 In th'individual centred all,  
 Tho generations rise and fall.  
 Mean-while by observation wise,  
 The human genius never dies;  
 But, in tradition kept alive,  
 The wreck of kingdoms doth survive;  
 Or, glowing in th'instructive page,  
 Improving, lives from age to age;  
 Ev'n giving those, who greatly know,  
 An immortality below.  
 What idle mourner droops his head?  
 Is Plato, Locke, or Newton dead?  
 With Plato still his pupils rove  
 Along his academic grove;  
 With Locke we wing the naked soul,  
 And mount with Newton to the pole.



To animals of ev'ry kind  
 Are, then, their proper pow'rs assign'd;  
 To actuate, strengthen or restrain,  
 Nor sense nor instinct giv'n in vain?  
 Man, as an animal confess'd,  
 Distinguish'd plainly from the rest,  
 Behold his powers, his labours here  
 Presumptive of a brighter sphere!  
 Not merely to this life confin'd  
 The aim, and end of human-kind!  
 Say, if our purpose but to live,  
 What mighty help doth science give?  
 What needed more the human brute  
 Than cooling springs and strenght'ning fruit?  
 Or, summer past, the diet spare  
 Of wholesome roots, his winter fare?  
 How need our better rest and health  
 Golconda's or Potosi's wealth,  
 That sacrific'd that health and rest,  
 To fetch it home from east and west?  
 Lorenzo, sure, if human-kind  
 For this life only were design'd,  
 As well we ignorant had been  
 Of luxury, the bawd to sin;  
 As well those arts had been without  
 That give, while none can cure, the gout.  
 Ah! why was speculation given  
 If not to teach the way to heaven?



What need have animals below  
 The planets' paths above to know?  
 Or, in what curves, meand'ring, rove  
 Satellites round the orb of Jove?  
 Lends Art its microscopic eye,  
 In nature's miniature to pry?  
 To see beneath the civil knife  
 The butcher'd atoms robb'd of life;  
 To know that 'scaping from the steel,  
 Thousands may perish at a meal;  
 While conscious ev'ry step we tread,  
 We trample hosts of beings dead.  
 Ah, why this knowledge, given, to raise  
 Our wonder to our maker's praise?  
 Why hence inspir'd our God t'adore,  
 If seen, in death, his face no more?  
 It cannot be.—Of heavenly birth,  
 Science, no offspring of the earth,  
 To man hath Jacob's ladder given;  
 Reaching, its foot on earth, to heaven.  
 O, seize, with ardour seize the prize;  
 And claim thy kindred to the skies;  
 Genius, Lorenzo, yours or mine,  
 Faint image of the pow'r divine;  
 Endow'd with ev'n creative power,  
 To form the beings of an hour,  
 To people worlds, to light the skies,  
 To bid a new creation rise;

O'er all to wield the thunderer's rod,  
And act the momentary God!

Ev'n here my friend doth nature's plan,  
Prove the divinity of man.

A truth that genius feels and knows,  
As oft as with the God it glows.

And shall t'oblivion be consign'd  
This portion of th' ætherial mind?

O, no.—Come death in any form,  
I doubt not to ride out the storm;

The shipwreck'd body to survive;  
My thinking part still left alive.

Mean-while, through all the modes of sense,  
Bear me, bold Contemplation, hence:

On thy firm wing, O, let me soar;  
And idle hope and fear no more.

Bear me to th' ever-blooming groves,  
Where Genius with fair Science roves;

Where, in the cool sequester'd shade,  
Sits Resignation, pious maid;

To heaven directed by whose eye,  
When drooping nature calls to die,

Let this my latest wishes crown;  
On her soft lap to lay me down,

Whilst mild Content, and gentle Peace,  
Her handmaids, waiting my release,

Strow, stealing round with softest tread,  
Their grateful roses o'er my bed,  
No thorn among, to break my rest;  
By euthanasian slumbers blest;  
Without a sigh at close of day;  
To breathe, be calm'd, my soul away.

W. L. G. & Co. 1717

The black as yet before  
The ink was pale within the band  
The Paper thick beneath the hand  
Stalked as to my station  
Lo! Cadogan, clothed all in white,  
When light appear, in dead of night,

Their features were not opposed,  
The trembling girl - quails in a fright.

I like H-lect in the class

“ And—what has time to say?  
“ Or golden moments—what can they bestow?  
Cried, “ Not them—Spoke—A bright old heart

CANDOUR,

## CANDOUR, PENS, INK, AND PAPER,

## A FABLE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXV.

WHEN ghosts appear, at dead of night,  
 Lo! Candour, cloathed all in white,  
     Stalk'd up to my 'scrutore :  
 The Papers shrunk beneath her hand,  
 The Ink turn'd pale within the stand,  
     Tho black as jet before.

The trembling goose-quills, in a fright,  
 Their feathers standing bolt upright,  
     Like Hamlet in the play  
 Cried, " Art thou?—Speak—a spright of health,  
 " Or goblin damn'd, that com'st by stealth?  
     " And—what hast thou to say?"

" I come," said she, " from St. John's gate,  
 " And with me bring the book of fate,  
     " The Ge'mman's Magazine.  
 " Here Samuel J - - n - - n's name behold,  
 " The first by his own hand enroll'd,  
     " In Fame's bright list is seen.

" Repeatedly engross'd you see  
 " The same by H - - k f - - th, L. L. D.  
 " At Lambeth dubb'd a doctor!  
 " He who, so learned in the laws,  
 " Had practis'd, had he found a cause,  
 " A client or a proctor.  
 " How dare ye then, ye miscreants base,  
 " This register of theirs deface,  
 " In manner so uncivil?  
 " And thou, vile implement of wit,  
 " Whose ears are cropp'd and nose is split,  
 " As mark'd out for the devil.  
 " He'll have you all, ye carping crew,  
 " And your uncandid master too,  
 " With envy puff'd and pride."  
 Provok'd at this outrageous fib,  
 The Pen turn'd short upon its nib,  
 And bristling up replied:

\* The individual goose-quill that was instrumental to  
 the writing a Review of Dr. Johnson's Shakespear.

“ Sure, madam, you yourself forget,  
 “ Or else have ta'en your evening's whet;

“ Can Candour be so rude?

“ My master's snug in bed, and I

“ Have hardly yet had time to try,

“ Or we should maul a prude.

“ Sam J-- n-- n! madam. — Don't you know

“ That he was 'peach'd some time ago,

“ Full fifteen years and more;

“ When he and Lauder, link'd together,

“ Robb'd Milton of the cap and feather,

“ Shame forc'd them to restore.

“ When Shakespear was assassinated,

“ Such crimes you also said you hated,

“ And wish'd th' assassin noos'd;

“ And yet no sooner is he taken,

“ Than you, to save the culprit's bacon,

“ Complain he's hardly us'd.

“ At Tyburn thus, with hearts so tender,

“ When some flagitious old offender

“ The mob hath just harangu'd;

“ The wenches snivelling cry, in truth,

“ The prisoner was a hopeful youth,

“ 'Tis pity that he's hang'd.



" But know that Shakespear, soon or late,

" Shall fully be aveng'd by fate,

" Without your gracious leave ;

" Nor shall e'en Garrick's kindred worth,

" His best interpreter on earth,

" Get J - - n - - a reprieve."

The playhouse at Richmond I went,

Which I found to most gallant and gay.

We shew-boys have seen afore now

Enact kings and queens in a house ;

But this is a palace, I vow,

And a college too, as I hear.

I start'd, as you'll think, all about

To see such a wonderful thing ;

But I found, when the secret came out,

'Twas design'd to be fit for teaching.

God bless 'em, I heard but bare words,

And the picture I'd his wit best crown ;

For they come now to waste not a far,

God bless 'em, I heard but bare words,

And the picture I'd his wit best crown ;

For they come now to waste not a far,

God bless 'em, I heard but bare words,

And the picture I'd his wit best crown ;

For they come now to waste not a far,

God bless 'em, I heard but bare words,

And the picture I'd his wit best crown ;

For they come now to waste not a far,

God bless 'em, I heard but bare words,

And the picture I'd his wit best crown ;

RALPH MOULSEY'S DESCRIPTION OF  
RICHMOND PLAYHOUSE.

WHERE Hodge, ye great oaf, have you been,  
That you ha' not yet been to the play?  
The playhouse at Richmond I mean,  
Which i' faith is most gallant and gay.

We shew-folk have seen afore now  
Enact kings and queens in a barn;  
But this is a palace, I vow,  
And a costly one too, as I learn.

I star'd, as you'll think, all about,  
To see such a wonderful thing;  
But I found, when the secret came out,  
'Twas design'd to be fit for the king.

God blefs'n, had he but been there,  
And the queen, I'd ha' gi'n half a crown;  
For they come not to wake nor to fair;  
And 'tis miles up to London fine town.

Tho else there were smart folks enow:  
No wonder, entic'd by such skill;  
For they play'd so—I cannot tell how,  
But I doat on that Maid i'the Mill.

So sweetly she sings, without doubt  
 I could like, and I'm sure so could you—  
 Could a body but bring it about;  
 But, pize on it, the maid's married too.

Yet, acting apart, there's the scenes,  
 All fresh as the barley-mow sign;  
 Shifting backwards and forwards like screens,  
 And painted most desperate fine.

Then, simple tho I as a sheep,  
 The man of the shew was so kind,  
 As to let me just have a bo-peep  
 At the fine actor-people behind.

There I thought to have found out a sham;  
 For of tinsel and stuff I've been told;  
 But their dresses, ecod, were no sham;  
 But velvet and silver and gold.

In the green-room, which I took for blue,  
 Gay ladies I saw richly dress'd;  
 And some of them handsome ones too;  
 But their manners were none of the best.

For a lass, with one leg in the air,  
 The other knee-high to be seen,  
 With her head leaning back on her chair,  
 Look'd like a carv'd ivory queen.

Her red pouting nib lay so fair  
 For a kiss, had I fear'd no denial;  
 But her eyes sparkled, "Do if you dare,"  
 So Ralph was afraid to stand trial.

On the stage did you see her but dance,  
 And skip here and there like a vapour,  
 She'd fling you soon into a trance,  
 To see what you'd see ev'ry caper.

For, whisking and frisking about,  
 As nimble and light as a feather,  
 Her petticoat makes such a rout,  
 That one's heart and her heels go together.

So, Hodge, if so be you're inclin'd,  
 To the play we will go, lad, together:  
 Next week, if I hold in the mind,  
 And God sends the farmers good weather.

Dost thou demand, ingenious youth,  
 ON HUMAN CERTITUDE;  
 I answer—Wouldst thou learn of me  
 AND THE UNIVERSALITY OF SCIENCE?  
 At least to all truths we have  
 THAN AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

NOT to the fount of Hippocrene,  
 Nor groves of laurel ever green,  
 Nor where the sportive graces stray  
 With flowers is strown the Muse's way.  
 Lorenzo, no, I more rejoice  
 At Reason's bold, and manly, voice  
 Than at the softest, sprightliest air,  
 Mirth ever sung to lighten care;  
 Truth's sober tale more pleas'd to hear  
 Than all that tickle Fancy's ear;  
 Tho such, to babbling echo sweet,  
 Aloud the public voice repeat  
 Her numbers, then, let Truth excuse,  
 Tho rudely sing th' unpolish'd muse;  
 Careless of ornament, and proud  
 To differ from the sing-song crowd,  
 So boastful of the poor pretence  
 To swell with sound the starveling sense.  
 Truth hopes not for poetic praise:  
 To fiction sacred are the bays.

Dost thou demand, ingenuous youth,  
 What is, and who doth teach, the truth? NO  
 I answer—Wouldst thou learn of me,  
 'Tis that wherein mankind agree: AND THE  
 At least no safer truths we know  
 Than what the world will grant us so.

The truth, indeed, as fables tell,  
 Of yore lay buried in a well,  
 So deep, that hid, for want of light,  
 From ev'ry peering mortal's sight,  
 The more suspicious than the rest  
 Conceiv'd its being was a jest;  
 And, as no soul could find it out,  
 That fact itself was all a doubt.  
 Philosophizing train of thought!  
 Since by improving moderns caught;  
 Who tell us nature trick'd mankind,  
 When giving eyes she left us blind;  
 Heaven making fools, and thinking fit  
 To play upon their want of wit.

But sure we boldly may receive  
 As truth what all mankind believe:  
 Such universal faith a guide  
 In skepticism itself implied.

Yet



Yet sayst thou, "till the world unite  
" To fix on some one rule of right,  
" Enquiry still is at a pause;  
" Still vague investigation's laws."

Lorenzo, all, with you and me,  
In points demonstrable agree;  
Conviction, right or wrong, the test  
Of truth in ev'ry human breast;  
For what's demonstratively so,  
Believers ev'n profess to know.  
On Science hence our search must rest;  
An universal rule confess'd.

Laid then those subtilties aside  
Where human certitude's denied,  
Inquiry safely may proceed  
To form its scientific creed.  
Let Prior's Solomon profess  
His science all uncertain guesses,  
Th' egregious sophist but affirms  
A contradiction, even in terms:  
For who his ign'rance can suppose  
Of what he's conscious that he knows?

Dost thou, my pupil, still delay?  
In search of truth afraid to stray,

If plac'd belief in points alone  
That are demonstratively known;  
These much too few and too confin'd  
To serve the purpose of mankind?

Lorenzo, see to common-sense  
How just, how gen'ral the pretence.  
To nation, climate, age or sect,  
Unlimited without respect:  
Hence, howsoever wide we stray,  
When church, or system, lead the way,  
All, of necessity, agree  
In what alike, they hear and see.  
For not a son of Adam's race  
Innate conviction can efface.  
The highland loon, the lowland lout,  
Wild Irish fierce, and Cambrian stout,  
The boor that Rhyndland's polder drains,  
Tho reason slumber in his brains,  
All the same premises in view,  
The same conclusions ever drew.

For know that like our mother earth  
Its human offspring, at its birth.  
Where fertile clay and barren sand  
Compose the variegated land,  
Th' unequal strata of the soil  
Unequally demand our toil:

The rich that toil with gain repay;   
 Thrown on the poor our pains away.   
 In man's uncultivated mind   
 So varied is the soil, in kind.   
 The flow'rs of science, fresh and fair,   
 On some expand, without our care;   
 On others scarce, by culture, grow   
 The buds, that wither as they blow.   
 Yet here essentially allied,   
 Howev'r else diversified.   
 The fertile marl, the sterile sand   
 Alike the seed or plant, demand   
 Denied alike spontaneous grain   
 To Bergen's rocks and Baia's plain.   
 So, not a truth innate our own,   
 The seeds of knowledge must be sown.   
 Experience flow must swell the root,   
 And tend the fibres as they shoot;   
 Or speedier aid instruction grant,   
 And slips of foreign growth implant.   
 The mental and material claim   
 Here too essentially the same:   
 Grow seed or plant where'er it will   
 In kind 'tis propagated still   
 No soil nor climate can produce   
 From tares the barley's potent juice:

To thorns no culture can assign  
 The purple honours of the vine.  
 Thus when, by simple nature's aid,  
 Put forth sensation's tender blade,  
 If, to perfection nearer brought,  
 It bloom and ripen into thought,  
 Wherever situate the root,  
 The same its intellectual fruit.  
 Its taste, its form, perhaps, we blame;  
 But still its genus is the same:  
 In this no poverty of soil,  
 No dulness ever mock'd our toil.

If vainly, then, in letter'd pride,  
 The scholar deep is dignified;  
 So false, so empty the pretence  
 Of wits to more than common-sense.  
 If plain to th' idiot as to you  
 Th' immediate object of his view,  
 While ev'n the blockhead truly knows  
 Far as his little science goes,  
 Consistent, sure's our confidence,  
 In search of truth, on common-sense:  
 That gen'ral index to mankind,  
 To taste and genius unconfin'd,  
 Pointing in all one common way,  
 By dullness shorten'd but its ray.

Of wit and knowledge all the end to extend;  
In length that radius to extend;  
In stubborn age, or pliant youth,  
Its bearing in the line of truth;  
A needle constant to the pole,  
Whence beams true faith upon the soul.  
Dost thou object "if common-sense  
" So plausible an evidence,  
" And all mankind of this possess'd,  
" That any differ from the rest?"  
Know thou, when honest minds dissent,  
Misunderstood's their argument:  
Diff'rent the premises appear,  
Else were the fix'd deduction clear.  
Hence half our numerous quarrels rise;  
We see not with each others eyes:  
So that precisely all alike  
Nor terms, nor things conception strike.  
For every individual draws  
His plan by mere perspective laws;  
Fix'd to one station, time and place,  
In pow'r no full survey to trace,  
The false mistaking oft for true,  
Observ'd at diff'rent points of view.  
So, when to cheat the partial sight,  
And prove in mirth that black is white,

With lights dispos'd the shades between,  
 In folds is spread the artful scene;  
 Oppos'd, the colours strike the eye,  
 And he affirms what you deny.  
 Here spotless, all appears and fair;  
 Perceiv'd a total blackness there.  
 The demonstration of his fight  
 Who doubts? who knows not black from white?  
 Thus evidence supports dispute;  
 Nor one the other can refute.  
 And yet is common-sense to blame?  
 The premises were not the same.  
 Were these alike, tho' say you err,  
 Both would infallibly concur:  
 For take each others point of sight,  
 And set, at once, the matter right.

Conceive not, then, because we find  
 One source of truth in ev'ry mind,  
 We e'er shall individuals see,  
 At ev'ry time and place, agree.  
 As soon, amidst yon grove of trees,  
 While plays a constant eastern breeze,  
 We ev'ry single spray shall find  
 In one direction, west, reclin'd.  
 For, tho' to truth alike our claim,  
 Our taste nor sentiment's the same.



For dusky green the jaundic'd eye  
 Mistakes the clear-blue summer sky;  
 The distant scene, however bright,  
 Is darkness to the short-of-sight;  
 To loaded ears as whispers still  
 The clack and thunder of the mill.  
 Thus lost, as colours on the blind,  
 On dulness qualities refin'd;  
 Than musick to the deaf no more,  
 To ignorance th' abstracted lore.  
 Hence oft objection calls us out,  
 To satisfy the blockhead's doubt;  
 Who not one proof, whereon depends  
 His sought solution, comprehends:  
 The tritest arguments, of yore,  
 In vain repeated o'er and o'er,  
 Proving how fruitless were the toil,  
 The jarring world to reconcile.  
 And yet, as but from time and place  
 Our several modes of thought we trace,  
 Alas! how blindly do we run  
 Each others heresy to shun;  
 Our own our glory and our pride,  
 While curses all the rest betide:  
 By pious children doom'd their fire,  
 By fires their children to hell-fire;  
 Heirs to salvation's brighter sphere  
 So strangely damn'd, and damning here!

Thus

Thus Calvin ignorantly raves  
 At souls which, therefore, Luther saves;  
 To both denied Lord Peter's keys;  
 Who shuts out hereticks like these.  
 And yet ev'n those, who boast to feel  
 Their bosoms burn with christian zeal;  
 Who, dooming dervizes to hell,  
 With pride uncharitable swell,  
 In Naz'reth bred, or Bethle'm born,  
 Had laugh'd our Saviour's birth to scorn;  
 Mere Turks, denounc'd for you and me,  
 The bitter fruit of Zacon's tree  
 To eat with fiends below; the doom  
 Of Anti-Mahomet and Rome!  
 Yet, blind as Sampson, when despair  
 Had sunk his life below his care,  
 The numbers wanton Gaza lost  
 Destroy'd but at his proper cost,  
 Half-witted Zeal, of all the rest,  
 Itself condemns among the rest:  
 For, if requir'd by gracious heaven  
 Our service but as knowledge given,  
 Should I in pope or musti, trust;  
 For proving to their tenets just,  
 Your rule to censure me, or mine,  
 Holds the like condemnation thine.  
 Yet still more wicked; weak and blind  
 This reprobating zeal we find;

When, void of truth, absurd and vain  
The tenets zealots thus maintain.  
For sure ridiculous and odd  
That zeal precipitate for God,  
So short of knowledge, that, indeed,  
It understands not ev'n its creed !

For know, whate'er the world pretend,  
But few believe what they defend.  
In modes of faith tho falsehood taught,  
Nonsense is equally their fault :  
Thousands by forms of speech deceiv'd  
Ne'er yet by mortal man believ'd ;  
Creeds penn'd, as said, at heaven's command,  
In terms no soul can understand ;  
Or such, tho thunder'd from on high,  
That plainly give themselves the lie.  
But sure, if words no sense convey,  
Faith in their utt'rance dies away ;  
Nor can a single son of Eve  
Apparent falsehood e'er believe.  
Belief no vague declaimer's rant,  
No bigot's creed, no sophist's cant ;  
'Tis not the scripture text to quote ;  
To get our catechism by rote ;  
O'er homilies to spend the day ;  
At midnight, half asleep, to pray ;

To chatter matins at the dawn  
 Or gabble with the man of lawn :  
 True faith, that consciousness of soul,  
 That times nor accidents control ;  
 Save those adapted and combin'd  
 To root conviction from the mind.  
 For know that neither threat nor blows  
 Sincere belief can e'er impose.  
 The monk's hot zeal, the jesuit's skill  
 Lead not conviction as they will.  
 Go, turn inquisitor and burn  
 The hereticks, all round, in turn ;  
 The Turk, refusing to resign  
 His sensual paradise for thine ;  
 The Indian, that in death pretends  
 To visit but his former friends ;  
 Unless his faith what you may tell,  
 Of joys in heaven and pains in hell.  
 Not one of all the suffering tribe  
 Thy sentiments per-force imbibe.  
 Howe'er induc'd by hope or fear,  
 The mind is no free agent here :  
 To change their faith beyond the power  
 Of martyrs at their dying hour.  
 How idly, then, enthusiasts rave  
 Of systems, that will damn or save ;  
 Or think true proselytes to gain  
 By torture, gallows, whip or chain ;

Since, ever constant to its cause,  
 True faith depends on nature's laws;  
 By nonsense nor caprice misled;  
 The honest heart and sober head!  
 How idly wild fanaticks preach;  
 While ignorant of what they teach;  
 The spirit ne'er affects the mind,  
 Unless with th' understanding join'd;  
 Nor hath the word, if void of sense,  
 To gospel pow'r the least pretence.  
 Some certain meaning, hence, and plain  
 A saving faith must needs contain;  
 If fix'd its object, sure, no less  
 The sense of terms our creed express:  
 A parrot, else, if none deceive her,  
 A sound and orthodox believer;  
 Convinc'd as much as ever yet  
 The Athanasian paroquet.  
 Let not fanaticism deceive:  
 None can a mystery believe.  
 Tho' plung'd by zeal in error deep,  
 While common-sense lies fast asleep,  
 Their faith rash bigots strangely boast;  
 The strongest his who's cheated most;  
 Who least for truth presumes to search;  
 But headlong runs into the church.  
 For, laid thy hand upon thy heart,  
 The formule of thy creed impart;



Dost thou its substance comprehend? Since, ever could depend,  
Lo! all its mystery's at an end. Two faith depend  
In spite of their misguiding zeal, By none is not  
Here to their hearts let all appeal: Here honest heart  
Enough if just be their pretence, How idly would  
To honesty and common-sense: While ignorant of  
Here rests that umpire of mankind, The spirit not  
Conscience, the God within the mind. Unless with

At eastern temples, as of yore, To gospel power  
Without the threshold of the door, some certain times  
In reverence, did the zealot use A young faith  
To doff, and leave, his dirty shoes: He exerts  
Like him, the modern faithful, taught, The tale of  
That reason is a thing of naught, A point of  
Lest they should soil the church with doubt, A point of  
Their understandings leave without. Conscience  
For ask who thus in mystery trust, The Christian  
If Euclid's demonstration's just; Let not faith  
If truth the geometric art, From can a mystery  
Or subtile algebra, impart. The thing is  
Unknowing what precisely meant, What common  
They honestly refuse assent; Their faith  
Confess they first must comprehend, The strongest  
Before they credit or contend. Who least for  
O self condemn'd! O dead to shame! But heeding  
Have these a conscience void of blame; For laid the



Who take no worldly points on trust,  
 But scruple till they know them just;  
 Yet their supreme concerns will rest  
 On tenets half the world contest;  
 Conviction openly defy,  
 And with their tongues their hearts belie?  
 These the true faithful shall we call?  
 These have, alas, no faith at all.  
 For, howsoe'er with art they strive  
 To keep absurdity alive,  
 Cloath'd in equivocal disguise,  
 Or garb of truth, their specious lies,  
 Still common-sense, unrooted out,  
 Will find a flaw to fix a doubt:  
 And where one doubt is left behind  
 No firm belief informs the mind.

Yet is there whose officious zeal  
 Pretends a consciousness to feel,  
 A fix'd internal evidence  
 Of axioms, hid from common-sense;  
 A stronger testimony given,  
 By inspiration breath'd from heaven?  
 Lorenzo, neither you, nor I,  
 What God reveals can e'er deny.  
 But here how needful to be wise  
 To know where revelation lies.

Art thou thyself inspir'd by Heav'n?  
Tell me what certain proof is given.  
Dost thou intuitively view  
What reason tells thee must be true?  
No revelation here requir'd,  
How proves such truth that thou'rt inspir'd?  
For why inspir'd, if but to tell  
What reason might have told as well?  
As truth beholds thy mental eye  
What seems to all the world a lie;  
Thy proof imagination strong?  
Here also may'st thou still be wrong.  
If heaven hath ever fir'd conceit,  
Brandy has also done the feat.  
Nay oft th' infatuate-of-brain,  
Of heav'n's presum'd injunctions vain,  
Have madly broke its dread commands,  
And dipt in blood their murd'ring hands.  
If God or devil then inspire,  
Of reason still we must inquire:  
And reason doubtless would reply,  
"Heaven never yet reveal'd a lie."  
On others gifts confiding more,  
Dost give thine own pretensions o'er?  
Dost from th' inspir'd thy faith receive,  
And pin it on thy neighbour's sleeve?  
Reason or heaven must tell thee too,  
If such be more inspir'd than you.

"Where

“Where then the proof?” I frankly own;  
 To me, yet uninspir’d, unknown:  
 Such guides, to me, by madness fir’d,  
 As madmen, with the Turks, inspir’d.

In spite of Middleton and Hume;  
 Dost thou on miracles presume?  
 To revelation these thy guide;  
 Thy faith by wonders verified.  
 Go thou, and, easy of belief,  
 My comrade ask if I’m a thief:  
 If inspiration’s false and true;  
 Sure miracles suspicious too;  
 And, hence, thy conduct most absurd,  
 To take for one the other’s word.  
 Our souls how long to damn and save,  
 Hath subtle priestcraft play’d the knave!  
 Its pupils train’d, from early youth,  
 T’ equivocate and hide the truth;  
 To practise the deception nice,  
 Of tricking hand, or quaint device;  
 To cheat the palate, nose and eye,  
 And gild that dirty pill, a lie!  
 Yet dost thou miracles maintain?  
 Be here thy definition plain:  
 The muse disdaining to reply  
 To such as shock the naked eye.  
 Events as miracles dost own,  
 Whose cause immediate is unknown?

Or is thy faith establish'd more  
 On actions ne'er perform'd before?  
 Alas, my much-believing friend,  
 The times of yore might these defend;  
 When heretic free-thinkers rose,  
 That dar'd the holy church oppose;  
 For infidelity renown'd,  
 Asserting that the globe was round;  
 Vile heresy! whence, doom'd to hell,  
 Upsal's good bishop martyr fell:  
 Wretches, so impious as to hold,  
 The earth about its axis roll'd,  
 And, as the years their courses run,  
 Still took its journeys round the sun;  
 Vile heresy! for which, 'tis said,  
 Old Galileo too had bled,  
 Had not the sage, more loth to die,  
 Recanting, damn'd it for a lie\*.  
 In days of ignorance like these,  
 When legends had the power to please;  
 While love of wonder sav'd deceit,  
 And gudgeons swallow'd whole the cheat;  
 How little strange that monks and fryars  
 Should prove miraculously liars;

\* Ego, Galileo, corde sincero et fide non ficta, abjuro,  
 maledico et detestor supradictos errores et hæreses.

Or converts to divines so sad  
 Turn out miraculously mad!  
 But now, a century worn away,  
 Time working wonders ev'ry day,  
 The vast discov'ries years have made  
 Have spoilt the wonder-monger's trade.

Wouldst thou, since facts so strange of yore  
 Are now miraculous no more,  
 Thy genuine miracles define  
 As real acts of power divine,  
 Th' effects of some immediate cause,  
 In fact transgressing nature's laws?  
 How!—did th' omnipotent, on high,  
 Let those, his laws, at random fly:  
 Or was his providence so blind  
 To what omniscieny design'd,  
 That still his sov'reign will attends  
 To strike his foes or skreen his friends;  
 That pow'r beyond th' Almighty's art  
 To nature's system to impart;  
 Needful heaven's arbitrary fire  
 To blast a fig-tree or a liar?  
 Lorenzo, be not thou so vain,  
 To think thus brittle nature's chain;  
 From which whatever link we strike,  
 Tenth or ten thousandth, broke alike,



Connecting systems all destroy'd,  
Unballanc'd worlds would strow the void,  
To atoms burst! restor'd again  
Old Chaos to his ancient reign,  
Unless, in time, the God attend  
The works of his own hand to mend.  
Alas, how blasphemous to say  
That heaven can save no other way;  
Or that, for trifles or in joke,  
Creation's sacred order's broke.  
For do we not, in fact, confess,  
If God may nature's laws transgress,  
The wise creator wanted skill  
His vast intentions to fulfil,  
Or that th' intention, tho his own,  
Was in th' extent to him unknown?  
Or, still more impiously, imply  
That heaven can give itself the lie?  
Say, then, that miracles there be;  
They're but miraculous to thee:  
So many links conceal'd remain,  
Which form the complicated chain,  
True causes and effects between,  
In nature's providential scene.  
What tho without an obvious cause  
We see inverted custom's laws,  
Must we immediately infer  
That nature from itself can err?



Commanded by the word divine,  
 Say water chang'd itself to wine;  
 Graves open'd wide their pond'rous jaws;  
 A breath the sole apparent cause.  
 Ah, who shall boast, that God revere,

Creation's laws were broken here;  
 Might not ten thousand springs unite,  
 Causes too fine for mortal fight,  
 Such varied wonders to produce;  
 To providential ends of use:  
 Form'd when by heaven, its power display'd,  
 The earth's foundation first was laid:  
 Or when that logos was design'd  
 By miracles to save mankind.

Think not, Lorenzo, nature strays  
 Whene'er the world is in amaze.  
 Extend thy view from pole to pole:  
 See one great miracle the whole;  
 Where all events their cause succeed,  
 As once the great, first-cause decreed;  
 Where order still from order flows;  
 And never interruption knows;  
 Capricious but to mortal sense  
 The harmony of providence.

How strangely, therefore, bigots err  
 Who wonders to plain facts prefer;

With

With list'ning ear, who love to range, vñ bebammad  
And greedy eye, for all that's strange; mñ watñ chñ  
Rejecting their creator's plan, mñ bebñ wñ  
The voice of God for that of man! mñ theñ  
Ah! who shall boast, that God revere.

Besides, thy miracles confin'd  
To former ages of mankind,  
Nature in these our latter days  
Unmov'd by prayer, and deaf to praise,  
Ne'er turning back, nor led aside,  
To help our wants, or sooth our pride;  
But keeping, pack-horse like, its track,  
Bearing the world upon its back:  
Say such to revelation guide;  
For these on hear-say we confide:

In want of proof, on trust must take  
For honest jew or gentile's sake;  
Since, howsoe'er the truth's conceal'd,  
None trust in miracles reveal'd;  
Unless learn'd Jortin's scheme may pass  
Of dreaming Balaam's talking ass.  
Dost thou, secure, historians trust?  
How know we if their tale be just?  
From num'rous causes prone to err,  
Dubious, alas, what these aver.  
What from deception e'er can save

The man whose trust is in a knave?

To falsehood he how oft a tool, experience, most  
 Whose confidence is in a fool's or sage's gift  
 And should, themselves, the honest speak; from science  
 The honest may be blind or weak; Heaven's chosen  
 Be led a visionary dance, a most highly favour'd  
 Like Peter, in prophetic trance, all, Behold descend  
 Or Paul, that sometimes hardly knew, Or cloven tongue  
 If what he said was false or true; Of brethren in the  
 Inconscious, his own word to take, Lorenzo, then let  
 If fast asleep or wide awake, Unless we can improve  
 My friend, no wonder, then, at all, And yet, in reason  
 Adventures strange should such befall; Experience be  
 Or that, by wild opinions, they Nay held perception  
 From truth are blindly led astray; Till reason may con-  
 Who, like old wives in winter nights, By science only  
 Hear, see, and feel, and chat with sprights. When God  
 Their prudent caution, therefore, just,  
 Who waking dreamers seldom trust;  
 To whom light visions fact may seem,  
 And fact itself an idle dream.

In awful reverence, yet, we own  
 The power and will of God unknown;  
 Confin'd not to the narrow bound  
 Of reason's most extensive round;  
 Active a thousand ways beside;  
 Beyond, unknown how far and wide.

From grey experience, hence, conceal'd hooded  
 The gifts of grace to babes reveal'd;  
 From science hid that sacred fire  
 Heaven's chosen servants doth inspire;  
 Who, highly favour'd from above,  
 Behold descend th' all-quickenin' dove,  
 Or cloven tongue; the spiritual boast  
 Of brethren in the Holy Ghost.  
 Lorenzo, then let you, nor I,  
 Unless we can disprove, deny  
 And yet, in search of truths unknown,  
 Experience be thy guide alone;  
 Nay held perception in suspense  
 Till reason may confirm the sense:  
 By science only unconfin'd  
 When God, himself, informs the mind.

Their prudent counsel, therefore, list,  
 Who waking dream, seldom trust;  
 To whom light vision, less may seem,  
 And fast itself an idle dream.

In awful reverence, let us own  
 The power and will of God unknown;  
 Confin'd not to the narrow bound  
 Of reason's most extensive round;  
 Active a thousand ways beside;  
 Beyond, unknown how far and wide.

VERSEs ON READING LORD LYTTTELTON'S  
NEW DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, AND  
SEEING HIS LORDSHIP'S PICTURE AT  
W-----'S.

ARE these the Dialogues of the Dead?  
The speakers are alive,  
And say what, ages past, they said,  
Again in sixty-five.

Such converse charms in ev'ry page,  
No wonder all admire it:  
'Tis strange though, where, in this dull age,  
His Lordship should acquire it.

He deals not with the devil, they say,  
Yet I was once in doubt;  
But in Great Queen-street, t'other day,  
I found the secret out.

Calling at W-----'s, behold  
The man, to rise unable;  
Yet, rais'd by him, the dead of old,  
Were rang'd around the table.

Above him, just about to write,  
 With countenance observant,  
 Lord Lyttelton sat, full in sight —  
 “My Lord, your humble servant.”  
 Touch’d by the artist’s curious hand,  
 Each ven’rable antique  
 So looks, his thoughts you understand,  
 And think you hear him speak.

Can then his Lordship fail to write,  
 As ancient Sages say,  
 The gems of W----- in his fight  
 Remaining night and day?



## A DRINKING SONG, &amp;c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

LET Euler go, measure the sun,  
 His knowledge must truckle to mine,  
 I measure the size of my tun,  
 And know it in bottles of wine.  
 Let Meyer chop logic for nought,  
 A syllogist is but an ass;  
 While I, without wasting a thought,  
 Infer from the bottle the lass.  
 Let Haller mispend half his time,  
 O'er moss, weeds, and rubbish to pore;  
 I only seek out for a rhyme,  
 As he, wiser once, did before.  
 Let Bodmer his inference draw,  
 And stoutly with casuists fight;  
 He might as well balance a straw,  
 He'll never put folly to flight.  
 And in ages to come, tho' they cry,  
 "Such men when again shall we see!"  
 While I am forgot—What care I—  
 What are ages to come, pray, to me?

THE

## THE HARE AND THE CROW.

A FABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF FATHER  
DES BILLONS.

THE flow'ry meads were in their prime,  
 And leverets cropt the fragrant thyme,  
 When, high in air, a medling crow  
 Saw pufs securely feast below;  
 Meanwhile the hunters, from afar,  
 Let loose the yelping dogs of war.  
 "Alas, poor hare! ere yet too late  
 "O let me warn thee of thy fate."  
 Exclaim'd the crow; and quick descended,  
 To give the good advice intended.  
 The hare, alarm'd, with speed withdrew,  
 Not doubting but the tale was true:  
 Whereas, in truth, th' unkennell'd pack  
 Had ta'en, full cry, a different track.  
 But now, to mount on wing again,  
 The struggling crow attempts in vain;  
 For, while intent t'advise the hare,  
 She lighted on the fowler's snare;  
 And found, at length, herself the bubble  
 Of all her needless pains and trouble.

THE

Who

Who meddle thus with others cares,  
 Too oft neglect their own affairs :  
 But who abroad for business roam,  
 Should nothing leave undone at home.

A D C C L X I I I I

Of unmarried ladies, young ladies and gays,  
 I often hear, as a body of boys,  
 But now I know more, as I would for my life,  
 Of noisble living, in new married wife.

A wife, when I think of it, I never give her  
 "Paradise" a word and off she goes to  
 Why, Madam, you should see, my husband, O

That you are a woman, my dear, my dear

The first of a long line, my dear, my dear

My dear husband, my dear, my dear

My dear husband, my dear, my dear

My dear husband, my dear, my dear

My dear husband, my dear, my dear

My dear husband, my dear, my dear

My dear husband, my dear, my dear

TO A NEW-MARRIED LADY, WHO INSISTED  
ON THE AUTHOR'S WRITING A SONG  
ON HER.

M D C C L V I I I.

OF unmarried ladies, good-natur'd and gay,  
I often have sung, as a body may say;  
But now I must sing, as I would for my life,  
Of notable Nancy, a new-married wife.

“ A wife! Man. — A wife! — as I hope to live, see,  
“ Put in such a word and I'll never forgive ye —.”  
Why, Madam, your husband — “ My husband! O  
Lurd!

“ That's just such another preposterous word.

“ The lines of a song should run smooth and de-  
lightful:

“ But husband! and wife! wife and husband! Oh  
frightful!

“ 'Tis true Mr. K. I ne'er saw you till lately,

“ But I vow and protest, from this time I shall hate ye.

“ No doubt but you'll pen it all down, in your  
-raillery,

“ How we climb'd up like fools to look over the gal-  
lery;

“ At

- " At the top of the house, at the top of the hill;  
 " Where, for want of my dinner, you know I was ill:  
 " For their Ham was so bad, and their Lisbon so  
   prick'd,  
 " That the vintner and cook, both deserv'd to be  
   kick'd;  
 " Which made me sit glouting and pouting, as four  
 " As the white wine itself, for at least a full hour.  
  
 " Then truly, at last, when things came on the table,  
 " For my part I sat like the ass in the fable;  
 " Ducks, pullets, scotch-collops! and yet, with all  
   that,  
 " The vittles for six, one might put in one's hat:  
  
 " Then such bad attendance! the dishes so small!  
 " Not turnips enow, and no carrots at all!  
 " The beef upon table, and they in the pot!  
 " And then the desert, with — no fruit to be got!  
  
 " The French wine too, adding some crowns to the  
   charges,  
 " You gentlemen said, was no better than verjuice:  
 " For which I remember you rav'd at the host;  
 " Tho you might just as well have e'en talk'd to the  
   post.

" I war-

"I warrant you would, if you could, and had time,  
Put this odd-come-shortly fine stuff into rhyme."

True, Ma'am, and as you can take nothing amiss,  
Oblige me, and make a cantata of this.

prick'd;  
That the winner and cook, both deserv'd to be  
kick'd;

Which made me sit glowing and pouting, as four  
As the white wine itself, for at least a full hour.

Then truly, at last, when things came on the table,  
For my part I sat like the ass in the stable;  
Ducks, pullets, fitch-collaps! and yet, with all  
that,

The vittles for six, one might put in one's hat;

Then such bad attendance! the dishes so small!

Not turnips enow, and no carrots at all!

I hee'd upon table, and they in the pot!

And then the desert, with—no fruit to be got!

The French wine too, adding some crowns to the  
charges,

You gentlemen said, was no better than verjuice;

For which I remember you sav'd at the host;

Tho' you might just as well have e'en talk'd to the  
post.



# ON A CERTAIN MUSICIAN'S TURNING POET.

IN vain of late did Dr. B - - n,  
Amuse awhile the gaping town,  
With Poetry and Musick;  
King David, in the cure of Saul,\*  
So hideously did squeak and squall,  
It would have made a Jew sick.

But see at length both arts, in one,  
By great Apollo's favourite son,  
Most happily united.  
Harmoniously the fiddlers play;  
But, heard you what the fingers say,  
You'd surely be delighted!

Split, then, your goose-quills, bards, or learn  
His two-fold art from Dr. A——;  
Go, and compose Sonatas;  
Or soon, I'll hold ye seven to six,  
Tenducci with old fiddle-sticks  
Will scrawl his own Cantatas.

\* An Oratorio so called, written by the Doctor.

## ON MORAL SENTIMENT. NO

## AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

**H**ARK! my Lorenzo, how they rage,  
 The pious of our pious age;  
 Those who think heaven an easy fool,  
 Of wiser mortals made the tool,  
 Takes counters vile for current coin,  
 Our filthy rags for robes divine;  
 We made its joint immortal heirs  
 For penance, paltry alms and prayers!  
 What racks their disappointed zeal  
 Dooms the poor, culprit bard to feel;  
 The thief, whose rhimes the rents have stole,  
 Long mark'd on their celestial roll!  
 So angry bees take sudden wing,  
 Furious the harmless boy to sting,  
 Who, less in anger than in play,  
 O'erturns their labours in his way.  
 Have they the poor their farthings lent,  
 At more than th' usual cent. per cent.;  
 Because the promises of heaven  
 For principal and interest given;  
 Yet, loth to mortgage house or land,  
 Dealing ev'n these with sparing hand:

Hard times and taxes wont to moan,  
 T' excuse their adding to the loan;  
 Spite of hypocrisy, confess'd  
 The world's security the best?  
 Vile us'ers! yet ye think it hard,  
 Your virtue should not meet reward!  
 I think so too—hence, hence, to hell,  
 And there your worth to devils tell.

Do here th' immoral pertly ask,  
 What profits rise from virtue's task?  
 If "vice and virtue, blifs and woe"  
 "Quit scores effectually below;  
 "While, unaffected, heaven surveys  
 "Its ends fulfill'd in human ways"  
 Say they "if pain give pleasure birth,  
 "To joy proportion'd grief, on earth;  
 "Our suff'rings all comparative;  
 "What matters how th' ungodly live?  
 "What can we gain by self-denial,  
 "Or standing virtue's fiery trial?"  
 Virtue's clear gain, my friend, 'tis true,  
 If any, hid from me and you,  
 Lodg'd in the dark decrees of fate,  
 Awaits us in some future state;  
 A gift heaven pleases to bestow,  
 Wholly unmerited below.

So, whatsoever diff'rent state  
May vice in future life await,  
Hid in the counsels of th' all-wise,  
The reprobating secret lies ;  
Predestination's awful plan  
Beyond the scrutiny of man.

Can yet Lorenzo weakly dream  
That ours is an immoral scheme :  
Because we hold that joy and strife  
Are ballanc'd probably in life ;  
Whence equally nor blest nor curst  
'The lives of th' unjust and the just ?  
Shines not the sun alike, on earth,  
On good and bad of mortal birth ?  
Falls not the plant-enliv'ning rain  
Alike on mountain-heath and plain ?  
Tho noxious there vile brambles shoot ;  
Here sweetest flow'rs and choicest fruit.  
To reason's sober call, my friend,  
Did the blind passions but attend ;  
While ever present to the mind  
A full conviction we might find,  
“ That in the lust of mere desire  
“ No certain pleasure men acquire ;  
“ But what in extasy they gain  
“ They're sure to lose in future pain ;”

By truth enlighten'd, hence, to fly, which, most A  
 The distant evil as the nigh, to half of compleat  
 Men were no longer prone to vice; Behold the  
 Now stript of all her charms t' entice; Embrace  
 But, arming in their own defence, none often  
 Would stand in neutral innocence, Enamour'd  
 Thro reason let a sensual eye, We starting  
 Th' enchanting form of vice espy; Thro reason  
 Equivocal in make and face, Her real form  
 Her left side doth her right disgrace. Which, the  
 As form'd to give, and share, delight, Could ne  
 One blooming cheek doth hearts invite;  
 While roguish loves in ambush lie, Should virt  
 And dart their arrows from her eye. At least  
 A polish'd arm, a taper side, The first  
 Her thigh that scarce her garments hide, If moral  
 Her well-turn'd leg, and ancle neat, In actual  
 The half of beauty's form compleat. I see no  
 But ah, the contrast side appears. If once  
 Worn out with care and grey with years; That nam  
 With wrinkled brow and squinting eye, For say  
 Scowling most haggardly awry; A sente  
 While hollow cheek and nostril maim'd, This only  
 Notch'd ear, burnt hand, and thigh-bone lam'd, But  
 Display a wretch, from head to tail Reason  
 Diseas'd with many a desprate ail; Merely befo



A form, which, wrapt in squalid dress,  
Compleats the half of ugliness.  
Behold the charmer, — this is vice.  
Embrace her. — Is thy stomach nice?  
Too often passion, single-ey'd,  
Enamour'd with the fairer side,  
The monster clasps; till, turn'd her face,  
We starting fly her loath'd embrace;  
Thro reason's medium only shown  
Her real form, in tints her own;  
Which, thus disgusting to the sense,  
Could ne'er beguile our innocence.

Should virtue, then, disown the muse;  
At least let innocence excuse:  
The strictest moralists content  
If mortals were but innocent.  
In actual virtue, true, indeed,  
I see no hopes we should succeed;  
If once by reason grown so tame  
That naught our passions could inflame.  
For say, desires may not extrude  
A sense of moral rectitude;  
This only points, to what is right;  
But ne'er to virtue can excite.  
Reason, indiff'rent to th' event,  
Merely bestows its cold assent;



As far as truth's concern'd, in part; His low note flys  
Speaks to the head, but not the heart; And virtue first  
Reason bestow'd, an humble friend; And suppling this  
Not to keep faultless, but to mend; That very approb  
With hopes to cheer or fears to bind; Is this, Lorenzo  
Self-love, a glutton deaf and blind; By virtue sprung  
To give our scene of action light; By that ambiguous  
To check the sensual appetite; The native goodness of  
To show us what is good and fair; Pride not yourselves  
And passion's blunders to repair. That acts of kindness

Not think, ye publicans, from heaven

To virtue sense of right and wrong An evil inclination  
Must of necessity belong; Know that from different  
But from this knowledge who infer And virtue take  
The conscious party cannot err; For, the deducing  
Nay, founded on such sense our claim But from the  
To bear of vice the moral blame; No passion, not the  
The fool, the mad, do what they will; Is really vicious  
Standing excus'd of moral ill; The noblest in the hum  
Say, then, the virtuous must be wise; Moves to action  
In wisdom, sayst thou, virtue lies? Howe'er assum'd  
By other motives must the mind; From actual virtue  
To virtuous actions be inclin'd; as inclin'd to virtuous  
"What other motive?" dost thou ask? Or vice or  
Lorenzo, difficult the task; A fertile soil, where  
T' unravel here the human mind; Plans good and bad  
Its moral principles to find.

• See Hume, on the General Principles of Morals.

Sayst thou we all true virtue love; or as true as truth  
 And virtue that which all approve. head to the head  
 Supposing this, yet is't with you as a lawyer below'd,  
 That very approbation too? but not to keep faultless,  
 Is this, Lorenzo, what is meant to cheer us on  
 By virtue sprung from sentiment? Not a self-love,  
 By that ambiguous term of art, to give our scene  
 The native goodness of the heart, and to check the selfish  
 Pride not yourselves, ye pharisees, as what we know  
 That acts of kindness give you ease: and passion's blind  
 Nor think, ye publicans, from heaven

An evil inclination's given. To virtue lent of right  
 Know that from diff'rent passions vice must of necessity  
 And virtue take not sep'rate rise. But from this knowledge  
 For, tho deducing moral ill, the conscious party cannot  
 But from th' indulgence of the will, no blame founded on  
 No passion, not the love of self, to bear of vice the  
 Is really vicious, in itself; when the mad, the fool, the  
 The noblest in the human breast, to standing excus'd  
 Motives to action but confess'd, say, then, the virtuous  
 Howe'er admir'd, howe'er approv'd, sayst wisdom, sayst  
 From actual virtue far remov'd. By other motives must  
 For a good heart, as put to use, to virtuous actions  
 Or vice or virtue may produce; and what other motive  
 A fertile soil, where, taking root, difficult, Lorenzo,  
 Plants good and bad bear equal fruit. To travel here

its moral principles to find.

• See Hume, on the general principles of morals.

Narcissa boasted once a mind,  
 The purest sure of human kind,  
 Till growing passions taught her breast  
 To feel for all that seem'd distress'd,  
 To melt in tenderness of grief,  
 And sigh to give, unask'd, relief.  
 Ah, since, by cruel arts betray'd,  
 How low is fall'n the hapless maid!  
 Too innocent to feel distrust,  
 Or know how diff'rent love and lust,  
 Now, by her tempter ev'n accus'd,  
 See her abandon'd and abus'd;  
 Her open heart, her generous mind  
 To prostitution how resign'd!  
 Of vices glorying in the shame,  
 Her former self had blush'd to name.  
 Alas, for pity! see, mean-while,  
 At lost Narcissa's ruin smile;  
 Gremia, to pity never mov'd,  
 As little loving as belov'd;  
 In spite of all vile man could say,  
 In pious maidenhood grown grey,  
 Blessing her better stars, that she  
 Still triumphs in her chastity;  
 Tho, with the planets, on her side  
 Ill-nature, ugliness and pride.

See Phormio, stoically cold,  
 In youth by constitution old,  
 Who never yet, his heart of stone,  
 Made once another's cause his own;  
 But, living for himself, or heirs,  
 Minds nothing but his own affairs:  
 Whose word to take not faithless Jews,  
 For more than heaven is worth, refuse;  
 His credit sacred, east and west,  
 His bills negotiating best;  
 Safe in his hands were many a pound;  
 Too good a man to run a-ground.  
 O worthy, honest man! we cry;  
 While bankrupt knaves in dungeons lie;  
 So vile the rogue, who, scorning self,  
 Lov'd others better than himself!

Thus oft th' inflexible, the just,  
 The man who never broke his trust,  
 Is virtuous but from fear or art,  
 Or killing coldness in his heart;  
 While base and mean the quick-of-sense,  
 From glowings of benevolence.

Lorenzo, feelingly I speak  
 Of failings where myself am weak;  
 To whom adversity evere  
 Hath sold experience much too dear:

Hard hearted prudence far from me,   
 And narrow-soul'd frugality,   
 Hence oft to knave and fool a prey,   
 No match for either in his way,   
 Till cheated, plunder'd, fill'd with shame,   
 Lit on my luckless head the blame,   
 How short, Lorenzo, plainly, hence,   
 Of virtue is benevolence!   
 To mere good nature, while you live,   
 No more that pompous title give;   
 The milk of kindness in a trice   
 Yielding the luscious cream of vice,   
 The dryest eye, the hardest heart,   
 May act as virtuous a part;   
 Tho' turn'd, as adders deaf, the ear   
 To all that others feel or fear;   
 While vicious sloth, a whining cheat,   
 Is forc'd to work before it eat;   
 Misfortune, struggling in its thrall,   
 Rises more glorious from its fall.   
 Should to the prodigal the friend,   
 On whom his spendthrift hopes depend,   
 \* The milk of human kindness, a florid term in com-   
 mon use for benevolence.



When ask'd assistance or advice,  
 Reply, with looks as cold as ice,  
 With all the insolence of ease,  
 "Friend, you know best, do what you please."  
 May this not teach the hand profuse,  
 Virtuous discretion's sov'reign use;  
 And thus a coldness of the heart,  
 A good to too much warmth impart  
 How oft less vicious is the mind,  
 That ne'er, beneficent or kind,  
 For others broke one moment's rest,  
 Nor cheer'd with comfort the distress'd,  
 Than his whose open hand and heart  
 Espouse the poor and needy's part,  
 Plunging in unforeseen distress  
 Hundreds, in striving one to bless.  
 Too short of sight, benevolence  
 Proves oft a breach of innocence:  
 To virtue therefore it is first  
 Requir'd the man be strictly just.

Passions, the springs of joy and strife,  
 Are but the elements of life;  
 And, as rich streams from mountains flow,  
 Smooth winding some through vales below



While others, raging as they come, whole streams  
 Tear up their mother-mountain's womb; The roaring  
 Or, pouring down the hills amain, Alike whole  
 Deluge at once the humble plain; And back the  
 So flow some passions gently mild; The hero, thus  
 While others, furious, bold, and wild, How needful  
 Foaming o'er reason's rock-built mounds, Like Prometheus  
 Disdain the check of moral bounds. Wading, for  
 But see in pastures streams of use  
 When art corrects the flood's abuse,  
 When, their due channels taught to keep, \* It should  
 In shallow brook or river deep, fearful with  
 Smiling thro dappled meads they go; on Man.  
 And paint the flow'rs they cause to grow.  
 Corrected thus, by reason's art, Here's the  
 The bursts, or meltings, of the heart, From Mar-  
 In virtue's channels see them glide: The whole  
 Her flow'rs the blooming margin's pride. Or make

Is the small spring thy fav'rite theme,  
 That trickles forth a shallow stream;  
 In murmurs soft, a purling rill?  
 What wilt thou do to drive the mill?  
 How wilt thou make to ride at large  
 Thy timber, or thy loaded barge?  
 As much as purling rills admir'd  
 The navigable stream's requir'd;

The stream, whose turbulence abides  
 The roaring of the swelling tides,  
 Alike whose raging bosom swells,  
 And back the threat'ning tide repels.  
 The hero, thus, the soldier brave  
 How needful half the world to save  
 Like Prussia's king, thro seas of blood  
 Wading, for threaten'd Europe's good!

\* It should seem that Mr. Pope supposed heroism incompatible with virtue, from the following lines, in his Essay on Man.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;  
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find  
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind.

I will grant that many heroic actions have been achieved, which have given just room for those, who have no tincture of heroism in themselves, to suppose the hero to be without either head or heart. But, however reprehensible the conduct of heroes may have been in general, history may inform us, that many of the distinguishing blessings mankind enjoy have been effected by those, whom narrow-minded moralists have stigmatized as knaves or madmen.

Virtuously useful to mankind,  
 The strongest as the weakest mind,  
 Thus, one's no better than the other,  
 The warmest heart the cold one's brother;  
 And neither this nor that, in fact,  
 Are virtuous till as such they act.

Yet here, appearances believ'd,  
 In virtuous actions oft deceiv'd,  
 How plain in th' hypocritic face  
 We read the characters of grace;  
 And falsely to youth's giddy tribe  
 Designing villainy ascribe;  
 While time, and circumstance, and place,  
 Our byass'd judgments here disgrace.

Is there a man, whose tender heart  
 Takes in another's pains a part,  
 Who cloathes the naked, feeds the poor,  
 And bribes the orphan to his door;  
 So kind he cannot bear to see  
 Another less at ease than he?  
 Godlike benevolence; you cry!  
 And praise his virtue to the sky.  
 But were this virtuous mortal poor,  
 Oblig'd to beg from door to door;  
 Could he not eat the bread at rest,  
 Torn by the law from the distress'd;

Should

Should his weak mind compunction feel,  
In honest ways of trade, to steal;  
Could not the softness of his heart  
Torture the horse, that draws the cart;  
Mangle the lamb before it die,  
Or draw its heart's blood thro its eye;  
Who would not cry, " too proud to serve!

" Work, idle wretch, or work or starve;"  
To Bridewell's lash the knave consign'd,  
For vicious tenderness of mind.

Is there who, worn with vice, begins  
To hide his multitude of sins,  
Leave of the wicked world doth take  
And hermit turns for virtue's sake;  
Or, anxious for the souls of men,  
Flies to the pulpit or the pen?  
Behold another Paul! we cry,  
A new apostle from on high!

Are there whom cares nor want exclude,  
At little cost, from doing good;  
In pious practices that spend  
Their fortune and their latter end;  
The sick who physic in distress;  
And make the trav'ler's burthen less?  
To these what virtue will refuse  
The praiseful elegiac muse!

But, say, doth tenderness of heart  
 Teach the divine's or doctor's art  
 Too oft unletter'd preachers rave,  
 And damn the souls they meant to save:  
 Too oft, alas, the pious pills  
 Of charity, like Ward's, doth kill;  
 While lighten'd more the pedlar's pack  
 To clothe our own than save his back.  
 "Whence then is virtue," dost thou cry?  
 In truth and nature, I reply:  
 Reason and passion both combin'd  
 To form true virtue in the mind.  
 Nor rests it there in mere design;  
 To go where these may chance it's encline.  
 'Tis not sufficient to set out,  
 Tho meaning well, thy way in doubt;  
 Here known experience shouldst thou use,  
 That passion reason mayn't abuse;  
 Cautious in virtue's rout to go  
 No farther than our path we know:  
 Lest, when, thro ign'rance lost our way,  
 Passion to vice should lead astray.  
 'Tis not enough to mean aright,  
 Unless the meant effect's in sight:  
 Too apt to wander from the mark,  
 When blund'ring forward in the dark.



'Tis no excuse to have it said, *But say, dost tender*  
 The heart had put it in the head, *Teach the diviner*  
 When mischief done, instead of good, *Too oft unlearned*  
 For want of being understood. *And damn the foolish*  
 To virtue pitiful our claim, *Too oft alas, the pious*  
 When, at a venture taking aim, *Of charity, like W*  
 More by good-luck than sense or wit, *While lightning*  
 The mark of moral good we hit. *To clothe our own*  
 What virtue's in the madman's dream,

Or fool's impracticable scheme? *Whence then is it*  
 Whose, should they ev'n succeed, at best, *The truth and*  
 Chance-medley virtue is confess'd. *Reason and passion*

Knowledge, my friend, goes, hence 'tis plain, *To form true*  
 Foremost in virtue's splendid train; *Where the*  
 While reason and the passions, join'd, *'Tis not sufficient*  
 Walk closely, hand in hand, behind. *The means*

Is't said? "one mere good-natur'd deed *He known*  
 "All worth in science doth exceed."\* *That passion*  
 On this weak maxim, dost object *No farther*  
 We virtuous merit here neglect; *Let, when*  
 Thus honest ign'rance to condemn; *Faithion to vice*  
 And inability condemn? *'Tis not enough*

\* One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed, or *Too apt to*  
 Can all desert in sciences exceed. *When blind*



Sayst thou "as no fore-knowledge given,  
 "Events are in the hands of heaven;  
 "And, therefore, virtuous those confess'd  
 "From what they know who act the best."  
 Lorenzo, no—unless 'tis shown  
 That such no better might have known.  
 'Tis true, as individuals here  
 Are plac'd in nature's proper sphere,  
 Their knowledge more or less compleat  
 As genius and instruction meet,  
 Man by no seraph's rapture fir'd,  
 Virtue's as knowledge giv'n requir'd.  
 But think not thou that bounteous heaven  
 Hath barren understanding given;  
 Hath talents lent which, unapplied,  
 'Tis virtuous in the earth to hide.  
 No—with the pow'r of reason blest,  
 Improvement's claim'd, as interest.

Is there who turns away his ear,  
 Instruction's voice averse to hear,  
 Most obstinately bent to plod  
 Along the road his father trod,  
 Old custom never to forsake;  
 Nor use of eye or ear to make?  
 Tho right the wilful wretch we find,  
 Is his a virtuous turn of mind?

With God above, or man below,  
 How is't deserving not to know?  
 Of virtue's merit, Folly, hush;  
 Nor put true wisdom to the blush.  
 Remember virtue still depends  
 Both on our motives and our ends.  
 What merit is't we gladly do  
 That which our hearts incline us to?  
 Or what that reason doth submit  
 To own the truth is right and fit?  
 For say that by the heart or head  
 Solely to virtue men were led;  
 If by the heart, and that alone,  
 What man e'er call'd his heart his own?  
 Right oft by impulse forc'd to go,  
 Whether his reason lead or no;  
 Apparently against the will,  
 As oft conducting him to ill.  
 How meritorious then the best,  
 That love or pity warms the breast?  
 For this, nor that, from vice can save;  
 Or if they could — 'tis God that gave.  
 Is it from caution, practis'd long,  
 You seek the right and shun the wrong;  
 By just experience understood  
 Your worldly interest's to be good,

What merits here the clod of earth  
 That nature smil'd upon its birth,  
 And gave it reason's fost'ring aid  
 To teach it virtue, as its trade?  
 Sayst thou "when head and heart we praise  
 "Doth this not virtue's merit raise?  
 "The man of vicious acts ashamed"—  
 May yet for spiritual pride be blam'd.  
 "The elegantly just"—too nice  
 Perhaps for vulgar scenes of vice.  
 "The lowly-minded, kind and meek"—  
 Mean, pitiful, perhaps, and weak.  
 "The patriot, in his country's cause"—  
 A gudgeon, greedy of applause.  
 "The pious, who their God revere,"—  
 Only, perhaps, of hell in fear;  
 Or, not by fears sufficient driven,  
 Push'd forward by the hopes of heaven.  
 So little do we truly know  
 The cause to which we virtue owe;  
 To what bad principle or good  
 Ev'n we ourselves have vice withstood:  
 Nor can the best of mortals say,  
 From what has yet directed, may;  
 Or in a state he never knew  
 Tell what his head and heart might do.  
 Who then their moral worth shall prize?  
 Shall ev'n the best the worst despise?

Thin the partitions that divide  
 Ev'n vice itself from virtue's pride;  
 The virtuous boaster weak and proud;  
 Like the tall idiot in the crowd,  
 Who, stalking with exalted tread,  
 Above his fellows rears his head,  
 While from his more distinguish'd height  
 The harm upon his pate doth light.

The pride of virtue hence depress'd,  
 O learn to pity, not detest;  
 Ev'n looking with a brother's eye  
 On wretches doom'd by law to die;  
 To heaven that hath the difference made  
 'Tween thee and them, the honour paid!  
 The object more of pity, sure,  
 The vicious mind no leach can cure,  
 Than such whose mere corporeal part  
 Diseas'd admits the doctor's art!  
 Nay, if by virtue understood  
 The act producing moral good,  
 And moral good and evil known  
 By sense of physical alone,  
 The term of merit thrown aside,  
 Abash'd at once is virtue's pride;  
 Since such most virtuous we must call  
 Who most promote the good of all.

Here virtue see, in fortune's power,  
 Dependent ev'ry day and hour!  
 So little rests on good intent,  
 So much alas, on accident!  
 See to the public good conduce  
 Of wealth and state the simple use\*;  
 Such power of doing good a lot  
 By birth, caprice, or favour got;  
 A post of virtue oft the gain  
 Of knavery, honest hearts disdain.

Proportional to ev'ry state,  
 Sayst thou, its virtue we must rate;  
 Those much to blame, tho doing good,  
 Who fail to do the most they cou'd?  
 Most needful, then, how far to know  
 Our pow'rs of doing good may go;  
 In ev'ry station, place and time,  
 Neglectful ignorance a crime.  
 For say, if e'er preferr'd to place,  
 Dame fortune take us into grace,  
 Tho kings should act the donor's part,  
 They neither give a head nor heart.

\* For—hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed,  
 Health to himself and to his infants bread  
 The lab'rer bears.—



'Tis true a ribbon, star and garter  
 May make a flutt'ring fop look smarter;  
 Sir John sounds big and mighty pretty  
 Among the plain Johns of the city;  
 But George himself, of many a knight,  
 Ne'er dubb'd one fordid cit polite.  
 Clever indeed could royal grace  
 Fit ev'ry placeman for his place;  
 If being voted for with spirit,  
 Supplied our want of real merit,  
 Conferr'd taste, judgment, observation,  
 Adapted to th' appointed station!  
 Title and pow'r give consequence;  
 But never gave one jot of sense.

Knowledge, Lorenzo, hence confess'd  
 Of moral principles the best,  
 Well spent we hope our vacant days  
 In studious search of wisdom's ways;  
 On reason while our steps attend,  
 Reason, fair virtue's firmest friend!  
 Hail sober guide! O teach my youth  
 To woo thy lovelier sister truth;  
 For whose embrace my vows I pay,  
 In ardent sighs, throughout the day;  
 Nor, when the longest day is o'er,  
 Cease, by the midnight lamp, to pore



O'er the dull tale, or tedious page  
 Of faint or more laborious sage; S H E  
 Happy if faint or sage could tell,  
 Where I with her might ever dwell;  
 With her for whom, and whom alone,  
 My genius for the verse be known: W R I T T E N  
 For truth content to lose the bays;  
 The poet's for her lover's praise. S I C V O

ONCE on a time, how long ago  
 Perhaps chronologists may know,  
 On a wide lake, far north and cold,  
 A race of beavers kept their hold,  
 Their island cabins duly stor'd,  
 And felled at a pleasured board,  
 To industry and labour did  
 Mean-while they toil'd as well as fed:  
 Nor wanted their decreasing store  
 To fail, ere provident of more.  
 Continual plenty, hence, by wealth  
 Grew up to luxury and waste;  
 When now, alas! in evil hour,  
 To wealth succeeds the thirst of power;  
 The longer laboured to reign,  
 Sole masters of the watry main,  
 To see the neighbouring otter fly  
 Hereditary Enemy.

## T H E   B E A V E R S.

A F A B L E.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLX.

Sic vos non vobis.

O N C E on a time, how long ago  
 Perhaps chronologists may know,  
 On a wide lake, far north and cold,  
 A race of beavers kept their hold;  
 Their island cabbins duly stor'd,  
 And feasted at a plenteous board.  
 To industry and labour bred,  
 Mean-while they toil'd, as well as fed;  
 Nor waited their decreasing store  
 To fail, ere provident of more.  
 Continual plenty, hence, by stealth,  
 Grew up to luxury and wealth;  
 When now, alas! in evil hour,  
 To wealth succeeds the thirst of power;  
 No longer satisfied to reign  
 Sole masters of the wat'ry main,  
 To see the trembling otter fly,  
 Hereditary Enemy,

Condemn'd, tho' starving on the shore,  
 To trespass on the lake no more;  
 Contented not that nature gave  
 The spoils and triumphs of the wave;  
 But, vainly fond to shew their might,  
 Or turn out champions for the right,  
 They interfere in all disputes  
 Between the continental brutes,  
 And, parties in their feuds to make,  
 Their island tenements forsake;  
 Transporting madly brutes and flocks,  
 Blind war to wage on foreign shores,  
 And save, from otters, bears and cats,  
 Land-beavers vile or worthless rats.  
 Mean-while, at home, in various ways  
 Their wealth's consum'd, their strength decays;  
 Recruits and payment of allies,  
 Demand exorbitant supplies;  
 While e'en by battles, fought and gain'd,  
 Their little state is only drain'd,  
 Sagacious creatures shall we call  
 The brutes that squander thus their all?  
 Or shall we not their wit deride,  
 Who thus expose their weakest side?  
 But time and circumstance you say,  
 May change the face of things. — They may.  
 Yet

Yet neither, sure, can change the nature,  
Of brutal more than human creature !  
And yet, as if some revolution  
Had happen'd in his constitution,  
Thus, oft the beaver leaves his home,  
On mountain wilds, for wars, to roam ;  
Unnatural wars ! to him at least,  
Amphibious, moisture-loving beast !  
In which, a generous jack, with pride,  
He always takes the weakest side,  
And hires the poor, at his expence,  
To stand up in their own defence ;  
While ten to one, he trusts the gods,  
To him are even trifling odds :  
As if, to win, his surest way  
Was still to choose the losing play,  
Or loggerheads he took delight in,  
And fought but for the sake of fighting.

Yet beavers are accounted wise,  
And need no burthensome allies ;  
Their hold in liquid walls immur'd,  
From danger and assaults secur'd,  
Alas, dame nature surely meant  
Each creature for its element :  
If birds will dive and fishes fly,  
What wonder if they droop and die !

Now so it happ'd, as poets sing,  
 A land-rat was the beavers' king:  
 By all belov'd, without dispute,  
 A just, humane, and honest brute;  
 Who, yet, throughout his gracious reign,  
 Too highly priz'd his old domain;  
 Too poor, too weak, without allies  
 To stand amidst its enemies;  
 And therefore at their own expence  
 The beavers purchas'd its defence;  
 Or when by chance of war 'twas lost  
 Redeem'd it always at their cost;  
 Bribing the tygers, bears and cats,  
 With subsidies to spare the rats;  
 And keeping, in their constant pay,  
 The ban-dogs, not to prowl that way.

Now on a day it so fell out,  
 The landed brutes began their rout;  
 A cat, of cat-a-mountain race,  
 Spit in the lordly tyger's face;  
 And, aided by a wild she-bear,  
 In pieces vow'd his limbs to tear,  
 The tyger bravely bid defiance,  
 And claim'd the beaver-king's alliance.  
 Mean-while the otters join'd the cats,  
 And wreak'd their vengeance on the rats;

A vengeance

A vengeance they were urg'd to take,  
 For what they suffer'd on the lake;  
 Where now their fishing haunts were gone,  
 And holds all ruin'd one by one;  
 And not an otter dar'd to dive;  
 Or, daring, reach'd the shore alive.  
 So powerful were the beavers grown,  
 While conquest made the lake their own!  
 Vain conquest! if constrain'd, at last,  
 To sully all their glory past,  
 By giving back each dear-bought prize,  
 To save their poor or weak allies;  
 Who now, by numerous foes enthral'd,  
 Aloud for their assistance call'd;  
 The beavers readily consenting  
 To do what, done, they're sure repenting.  
 And yet, alas! 'twas all in vain,  
 The patriots ventur'd to complain:  
 'Twas all in vain to represent  
 The stores immense they yearly spent,  
 How much they ow'd, and, to their sorrow,  
 How much they still were forc'd to borrow;  
 In vain they shew'd the end they sought,  
 When 'gainst the otters first they fought,  
 By almost ev'ry battle gain'd,  
 At length compleatly was obtain'd;  
 And therefore, having got their end,  
 They need no longer to contend;

But



But standing on their own defence,  
Might now contract the war's expence;  
And, would the foe accept of peace,  
Exact a general release;  
Or, sparing thus their blood and treasure,  
Might leave him to make peace at leisure.

Remonstrance just! but 'twas in vain;  
Success had turn'd each beaver's brain;  
The tyger's martial fame and fire  
Did all their heated breasts inspire;  
And every honest, plodding, beaver,  
Seiz'd with a military fever,  
Careless of what was done, or doing,  
Ran, fighting-mad, the road to ruin.  
Nay ev'n the chief, who, once, more loud  
Than any of the patriot crowd,  
Roar'd out his insolent reflections  
On the great rat and his connections;  
A ministerial beaver grown,  
Now bow'd obedient to the throne;  
And, worse than either of the Brothers,  
Adopted measures, damn'd in others;  
Measures himself condemn'd so late,  
As big with ruin to the state!  
Yet now he swallow'd all th' objections  
He made before to land connections.

"The tyger's call, the rat's distress,  
 "Demanded instantly redress;  
 "And generous brutes should sacrifice  
 "Themselves, their all, for their allies."  
 How much unlike this specious cant  
 To all his former, noisy, rant!  
 To that fine, florid declamation,  
 By which he us'd to gull the nation!

But, as the mob had been so loud  
 To praise this idol of the crowd,  
 His friends were now asham'd to own  
 Their honest chief had chang'd his tone;  
 And let him lead them, by the snout,  
 As tho he ne'er had turn'd about.  
 Mean-while, with grief, the patriot few,  
 Who best the beaver's interest knew,  
 Saw him, on every flight pretence,  
 Abuse the public confidence;  
 And enter into every measure,  
 Contriv'd to squander blood and treasure;  
 Beheld the waste of both increase,  
 To purchase war, instead of peace;  
 While more their toil and less their gain;  
 How just a reason to complain!  
 The fruits of all their labour thrown  
 Away in quarrels not their own

— But tell me what Fair could you have seen this evening —  
 Look on the stage.  
**PHŒBUS DETECTED.**

WRITTEN AT A SUMMER THEATRE;  
 And who, at all, could be,  
 MDCCLXXVII.

THE country was wond'ring for three weeks to-  
 gether,

Where Sol had retir'd to, and ta'en the fine weather;  
 Some said (for conjecture runs wild in these cases)

The poles of the world had got out of their places;

While others suppos'd some wet planet had cross'd us,  
 And some blam'd the Devil and some Dr. Faustus.

But, Saturday darting his beams all around,

The cause of our late want of sunshine I found:

Stepping into the play-house, lo, snug in the box,

Sat Phœbus himself, with his carrotty locks.

Your Godship's obedient, said I, with a sneer;

Who ripens the corn? What the deuce do you here?

"Why, faith, to confess it," his Godship replied;

"I have been on a visit a little aside;

"So well entertain'd I was never before,

"And han't been in heaven for this fortnight and  
 more:

"Such a charmer I've met with, that loth I'm to go,

"And leave her unnotic'd with mortals below."

Oh, oh! is it so? return'd I, friend Apollo,

Your father's old tricks, then I see you still follow.

But tell me what Fair could your heart thus engage —  
 “ Look, you there — don’t you see her? — She’s now  
 on the stage.”

I whipt out my glass, the rogue’s charmer to see;  
 And who, of all charmers, d’ye think it could be?  
 Mrs. L - - - “ No sure!” — Yes, faith, it was she.

I HE’D country was wandering for three weeks to-  
 gether,  
 Where Sol had retir’d to, and taken the fine weather;  
 Some said (for conscience runs wild in these cases)  
 The pole of the world had got out of their places;  
 While others (say’d) some wet planet had cross’d us,  
 And some blam’d the Devil and some Dr. Faustus.  
 But Saturday dawning his beams all around,  
 The cable of our late want of sunshine I found:  
 Surging into the play-house, lo, hung in the box,  
 Set Phœbus unit’d, with his carnyal locks.  
 Your Godship’s obedient, said, with a sneer;  
 What signs the horn? What the dance do you here?  
 “ Nay, turn, to come in,” his Godship replied,  
 “ I have been a while a little ill.”

THE

“ And have you been in heaven for this fortnight and  
 more?”  
 “ Such a charmer I never wish that I’m to go,  
 “ And leave my mistress with mortal below.”  
 Oh, oh! is it so, friend Apollo,  
 Your father’s old trick, then I see you will follow.

ON READING THESPI'S,  
A SATIRE ON THE COMEDIANS OF DRURY-  
LANE THEATRE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVI.

WHEN feeble folly flings the random dart,  
E'en let it fly.—Who feels or heeds the smart?  
But when rash genius, or eccentric wit,  
Take wanton aim some destin'd mark to hit,  
How needful is't that judgment guide aright,  
And that the very feather bear no spite!  
Else while the point, replete with venom, flies,  
Declining worth and rising merit dies.—  
So heaven forgive, and hell afford a rope  
For him who wounded Pritchard, Clive and Pope.  
So wild a head, with so deprav'd a heart,  
To heaven should never mount but from a cart:  
That stage first Thespis trod, in ages past,  
And had he justice, that would be his last.



ON READING THE  
ON THE DIVERSITY OF RELIGIOUS SECTS  
AND OPINIONS.  
AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

Lorenzo, turn not thou aside  
From science, as an erring guide;  
Nor, soon as doubts thy course impede,  
Absurdly amplify thy creed,  
By myst'ries dark or dogmas old,  
Because to son from father told:  
If to known truth we were confin'd,  
Of little faith were all mankind.  
Sayst thou credulity outflies  
Slow knowledge, spurning at the wise;  
Opinion, wing'd, feet, hand and head,  
In haste, without her errand, sped;  
Or driv'n, inactive, here and there,  
With ev'ry vagrant breath of air?  
Wouldst, therefore, know what systems err,  
To whom opinions to refer,  
Where trembling Doubt and Errour blind  
At once a guard and guide may find;  
At once successfully apply,  
And give to falshood's face the lie?



No sect, alas ! profess the rule  
 That reconciles the knave and fool ;  
 That leads the foolish and the wise ;  
 While these revere what those despise.  
 Whether from Nature's general law,  
 The outlines of our creed we draw,  
 Or think the truth be only given  
 In revelation pure from heaven,  
 It matters not ; unless we find  
 Some active index in the mind,  
 Some ray of heaven's unerring light,  
 To point, or here or there, aright.

Let Christianity display  
 Her wond'rous volume to the day ;  
 The sacred lines, however true,  
 Alike affect not me and you :  
 Th' accepted sense of holy writ,  
 Still resting on th' accepting wit.  
 For who that read but comprehend  
 As taught by father, priest or friend,  
 Or tenets new, more nice than wise,  
 Peculiar to themselves, devise.  
 How then prevails the sacred text,  
 If by the comment thus perplex'd ;  
 If hereticks, of ev'ry kind,  
 Their tenets in the gospel find ;

If thus the spirit hide the flaw  
That mars the letter of the law?

Let Nature's striking scenes engage  
The letter'd and unletter'd age;

Various, as ev'ry varied tribe,  
The notions hence the world imbibe.

When meteors glow and comets blaze,  
How wond'ring ignorance doth gaze;

Foretelling, ev'n in error wise,  
The judgments gath'ring in the skies!

Th' aurora \* streaming from the pole,  
What groundless fears the weak controul!

Hear them address their angry God,  
And take his mercies for his rod:

Whilst thine, or Bradley's, curious eyes  
As calmly view the threat'ning skies,

The plagues, the famines, wars they yield,  
As Colin drives his team a-field.

Rolls the big thunder o'er the plain?  
Melt the fierce light'nings clouds to rain?

Ah me! how impious, Crito cries,  
To lift thy hand against the skies;

Thy lines of magic steel to form,  
To brave the fury of the storm;

• Borealis.

With Franklin, madly to defy  
The thunderer's red right-arm, on high,  
Bold Titan ! to erect thy stand  
To wrest the lightnings from his hand !  
Yet those in physicks better read  
At honest Crito shake the head :  
In pity, or derision, smile ;  
Nature and truth their guard the while.

Thus, by unlike experience taught,  
Peculiar are our modes of thought ;  
Explained, by custom's partial nod,  
The voice of nature and of God.

Dost thou apply to faint or sage,  
The guides of our believing age,  
The truths, which mysteries conceal,  
Or those of science to reveal ?  
From far and near, what tales absurd  
Adulterate the written word !  
How oft the pure, and perfect text,  
Have base theologists perplex'd !

\* Alluding to the manner of preventing the damage apprehended from thunder-clouds, discover'd by our late improvements in electricity.

What transcripts ! what interpolation !  
 Eternal source of disputation !  
 Alas, Lorenzo, few believe,  
 In fact, the doctrines they receive !  
 How few of ev'n the reverend tribe  
 The very canons they subscribe !  
 Do such their mother-church defend  
 On her pluralities depend ;  
 The mitre and the sine-cure  
 Preserving best her tenets pure.  
 For, rob the priesthood of its gain,  
 What pillar will the church sustain ?  
 What cement binds the crazy wall,  
 Whose sap't foundation threatens its fall ?  
 Do such profess to turn the key  
 On myst'ries, hid from you and me ;  
 Or of the oracles of old  
 The dubious phrases to unfold ;  
 To teach the truth to vulgar minds,  
 Which heaven's own blaze of rhetorick blinds ?  
 Ah, think not these will e'er display  
 Their secrets to the eye of day.  
 Tell me what artist will impart  
 To thee th' arcanum of his art.  
 Not one — but all, reserv'd and fly,  
 Affect to cheat th' observer's eye :

Their slightest knacks important made,  
 To raise the wonder of their trade:  
 Thus oft the reverend tiro, taught  
 That none may serve their God for nought,  
 Casts o'er his ignorance a veil,  
 Or masks the moral of his tale;  
 Securely laughing in his sleeve,  
 When fools the tale itself believe.  
 • To save his calling from abuse  
 His caution here, in fact, of use;  
 For once his art and myst'ry known  
 Who church-authority would own?  
 As, when sublime conundrums hit,  
 We laugh to scorn the quibbler's wit;  
 So, in rever'd enigmas wise,  
 His riddling reverence we despise.

Yet while the orthodox, for gain  
 Or vanity their craft maintain,  
 The truth, a term of meaning wide,  
 To all the priest affirms applied;  
 No less the het'rodox than they,  
 From pride or av'rice, go astray:  
 For motives similar prevail.  
 With those who brew or broach the tale.  
 Say, else, if self-conviction true  
 The conscientious Henley knew;

Fir'd by a pure religious zeal,  
 That champion of the public weal,  
 For pence, the primacy to slight\*,  
 To jest with ev'ry sacred right,  
 To trample, with avow'd design,  
 On laws both human and divine.  
 Say what his aim, whose dread rebukes  
 Craz'd his poor neighbours of St. Luke's†;‡  
 Who, godly warfare proud to seek,  
 In suff'rance turns the smitten cheek:  
 As knavish Jews, to sell their ware,  
 Abuse and insult tamely bear.  
 No worldly gain to Whitfield yields  
 The plenteous harvest of Moorfields,  
 While from the gift of sterling gold,  
 Like off'rings to the Lord of old †,

\* If I would have changed my principles for interest, I  
 might have been archbishop of Canterbury before now.  
 HENLEY, viva voce.

† St. Luke's hospital, for lunaticks, in Moorfields, near  
 the Tabernacle and Foundery.

‡ See Exod. chap. xxxv.



The coatless priest with Aaron vies\*,  
 And modern tabernacles rise?  
 Or, are fanatic weavers led  
 Because his vanity is fed,  
 A tickling transport while he feels,  
 To find his thousands at his heels;  
 To hear the Io Pæans ring,  
 Due to the hero, saint or king;  
 Which yet as oft the mob bestow,  
 On fainted pick-pockets, below,

If then, by poverty or pride,  
 The priest or parson's led aside;  
 While these, th' instructors of mankind,  
 Their interest in our ignorance find;  
 O shun, Lorenzo, shun the street  
 Where disputant theologues meet.  
 See the wing'd cork, from side to side  
 Rebound, the truant school-boy's pride,  
 With equal warmth, with equal noise,  
 So these, by turns, like truant boys,  
 Between what faint or father faith,  
 Bang the light shittle-cock of faith.

\* Alluding to their admitting cobblers, porters, and beggars as well as regular divines, to the ministry.

But hark ! what jargon strikes our ear ?  
 What Hebrew madmen have we here ?  
 What pen the phrenzy shall describe  
 Of Hutchinson's or Behmen's tribe\* ;  
 Who, scorning reason's vain pretence,  
 Make war, a dire croisade, on sense ?  
 If reason, then, reprizals make,  
 At once their cause and them forsake,  
 What wonder ? yet, in truth, 'twere well  
 Might Bedlam spare one vacant cell ;  
 Since no good christian, yet, for Law †,  
 Hath strown his darken'd room with straw.

Theologists so prone to err,  
 Dost thou philosophers prefer ?  
 These oft, an interested sect,  
 Like poverty or pride affect.  
 Logicians, casuists by trade,  
 At random draw their furious blade ;  
 Taking, in gladiatorial pride,  
 The cudgels up on either side.

\* Two of the most incomprehensible writers that ever reflected scandal on the science of divinity.

† The reverend Mr. William Law, — a writer little inferior to Behmen himself.

To them indiff'rent wrong or right;   
 Swift champions! theirs the task to fight,   
 And share, with venal art, the prey;   
 The golden gettings of the day.   
 So Broughton's \* heroes bruised and bled,   
 At once for honour and for bread,   
 And Powel's † virtuous thirst of fame   
 Inur'd his iron lips to flame.   
 The learn'd, prodigious wife indeed   
 The man by heaven inspir'd to read!   
 Affecting merely to decide,   
 Indulge their magisterial pride,   
 And, deigning scarce on sense a look,   
 Profoundly dogmatize by book;   
 Save here those champions of the gown,   
 Meek Warburton and modest Brown,   
 Madan, and that mild man-of-God,   
 The rev'rend doodle, doctor Dodd:   
 To real merit's ne'er allied   
 The pedant's, or the parson's pride.   
 By singularity of taste   
 Good sense and lit'rature disgrac'd,   
 See wrangling sophists thus intent   
 On cross-grain'd paradoxes bent;

\* A famous boxer.

† An eminent fire-eater.

As if to truth they made pretence; nor them indifferently  
 By wand'ring but from common-sense. Swits champion  
 Among the witty and the wise, And share, with verities  
 Hence in mere words the difference lies; The golden age  
 While empty terms, for years, engage So Broughton's  
 The scholar's and the keptick's rage; And once for honest  
 Till, wearied out, they stare to see And Powel's  
 How nearly all in fact agree. Inward his iron lips to  
 So, poiz'd between two empty scales, The learn'd, prodigal  
 Now here, now there, the beam prevails, The man by  
 Which, as their false vibrations cease, Affecting merely  
 In equilibrio rests in peace. Inadvisable their  
 Nor yet when even in fact dissent And, deigning  
 These flashing sons of argument, profoundly do  
 Their subject-matter in debate, yet here those champions  
 Is worth the pains t' investigate. Mark Warburton and  
 Philosophy at Arthur's\* taught, And that fine  
 So Bond and Brag, disputing, fought, ob hunc  
 Whether as near, from Change to Kew †, The last  
 To cross the old bridge or the new. To the  
 " Could neither wheel nor chain decide ? "

Alas, my friend, they never tried. To antiquity

\* An academy well known to the students in the polite  
 sciences of pitting, betting and whist.

† Brundisium minuci melius via ducat, an Appi.

Hor.

For

For neither of these learned youth  
 Car'd one brass farthing for the truth ;  
 But each, to make his judgment out,  
 Would drive full-speed ten miles about.

The first-philosophy \* in use  
 Thus argumentative abuse :  
 While truth and falsehood, right and wrong,  
 Serve as the burthen of a song :  
 With sophists, as with scolding wives,  
 Quarrel the business of their lives.  
 Leave then, Lorenzo, vain dispute ;  
 Empty the triumph to confute :  
 Nor those for truth's defenders take,  
 Who cavil but for cavil's sake.

But is there, lay-man or divine,  
 In whom good sense and temper join ;  
 A priest of honest Clogher's † mould,  
 A thief moderate as bold,  
 To whom indulgent heaven assign'd  
 A truly ethic turn of mind ;

\* A term in vogue, given, by way of eminence, to the philosophy of the present age.

† The late bishop of Clogher.

Who dares the mob in scorn to hold ;  
 Hath weigh'd the happiness of gold ;  
 Hath found the pond'rous cheat so light,  
 That avarice gets nothing by't ;  
 Who rates the value of a name  
 From th' insignificance of fame ;  
 Not vainly seeking more to know  
 Than God has given to man below ;  
 Yet, wheresoe'er display'd her charms,  
 Embracing truth with open arms ?  
 On such Lorenzo may depend,  
 For guide, philosopher and friend.  
 " But where such friend and guide," you cry.  
 Knowst thou no such ? alas, nor I.  
 For O, the truth, in fact, how few  
 Have pow'r or talents, to pursue !  
 Alike th' abilities unfit  
 Of pedant dull or sprightly wit,  
 Of captious criticks, scholiasts vain,  
 With ev'ry superficial brain.  
 Indeed too oft ev'n genius gains  
 Its labours only for its pains :  
 Immortal bards not seldom here,  
 Dupes, from their mother's milk, to fear.  
 Tho smoothly run the hackney'd lay  
 Along the beaten, moral way ;  
 Should truth on custom turn its back,  
 Or deviate from the vulgar track,

Like



Like crabs, with retrogressive feet,  
Such temporizing bards retreat;  
Humming, their credit to maintain,  
To worn-out tunes th' old catch again.

Ev'n thus thy fav'rite bard retir'd  
Whom ev'ry muse at once inspir'd,  
Whose strains immortalize the guide  
His scholiast piously decried,  
Thy Pope, who, like a forward child,  
In leading-strings, ran bold and wild;  
But, fearful of himself to stand,  
Seiz'd his old, tottering mother's hand.

Looks back, Lorenzo, shrinking now,  
When set his hand unto the plough;  
In vain we sacrifice to truth  
The sportive giddiness of youth,

\* The church of Rome, to which Mr. Pope returned, after having written his Essay on Man: for, that he was a true Roman-catholic at the time of his writing that essay is a tale, adapted merely to the credulity of a Racine: Unless indeed we have as little opinion of his judgment as his friend Bolingbroke had, who is said to have ridiculed him as one who understood nothing of his own principles, or saw to what they naturally led.

If falshood's painted charms engage,  
 The doating levity of age,  
 Truth's thorny paths who fear to run,  
 Should first her dangerous portal shun :  
 Nor set like heroes boldly out,  
 To founder in the deeps of doubt.  
 Yet still beware—the boldness thine,  
 Temp'rance that boldness must refine.  
 True temp'rance, rational and brave ;  
 To stoic pride no sullen slave :  
 Not such as, gently meek and mild,  
 Betrays the weakness of a child ;  
 Nor that, without or fear or wit,  
 By chance, ev'n blunderers may get.  
 The rash, too angry to be bold,  
 By Falshood oft are bought and sold.  
 The proud, too haughty to be wise,  
 See not where grov'ling Errour lies.  
 The heedless counts without his host,  
 Or runs his nose against the post :  
 And oft their tim'rous indolence  
 The meek indulge, at Truth's expence.  
 So hard to keep that middle way,  
 From which enquiry ne'er should stray ;  
 While, for the task, so hard to find  
 A truly firm, capacious mind ;

No wonder fools, the would-be-wise,  
 Suppose in doubt that wisdom lies :  
 Or that, because so short their sight,  
 Truth may be error, wrong be right \* !  
 For ignorance, to sooth its pride,  
 Must seek its own defects to hide.

Affecting, hence, all unbelief,  
 Is Scoto infidel in chief ;  
 His hand and heart, his ears and eyes  
 Confessing what his tongue denies,  
 To truth in ev'ry system blind,  
 Yet seeking it where none shall find ;  
 Lorenzo, here his wit's a cheat,  
 That mocks his judgment with deceit.

\* Cicero somewhere observes, there is no opinion, however absurd, which has not been espoused by some or other of the philosophers. And nothing surely can be more so than the famous inference drawn from the weakness of the human understanding, i. e. that, because we do not comprehend every thing, we in reality, know nothing. Agrippa, it is true, has declaimed prettily, and the ingenious bishop of Avranches chopped logick as dextrously on the subject. Yet, alas, such is the perverseness of common sense that the greatest part of mankind, even to this day, do insist on the certainty of their knowing their right hand from the left.

Where'er opinion gaily drefs'd,  
 Runs gadding in her rainbow vest,  
 Among her sisterhood, a crew  
 Of motley wives black, red or blue,  
 See skepticism, the truth in chase,  
 Run giddily, from face to face;  
 Now this, now that, by turns, enjoy;  
 Nor find them false till found to cloy.  
 Thus, with the fair he most admires,  
 Full soon the wav'ring lover tires;  
 At morn, her smiles with rapture meets;  
 At night, affronts her in the streets;  
 By loose suspicion wand'ring led,  
 Or spider Fancy's flimsy thread;  
 Till, on some lying whore, at last,  
 He lights, and holds her tenets fast.  
 Nor strange, oppos'd to these, to find,  
 In uniformity combin'd,  
 Believing thousands; who suppose  
 Truth with the croud for ever goes:  
 As if convinc'd the rabble rout,  
 Because too obstinate to doubt.  
 Yet customs old or fashions new  
 Are all th' unthinking herd pursue.

The orthodox in dress or song,  
 As modish as to right and wrong,  
 Of custom born, to fashion bred,  
 Thus blind credulity is led;  
 While modes of faith, like modes of dress,  
 Mankind capriciously profess,  
 Yet all agreed, thro' shame or pride,  
 Nature's simplicity to hide,  
 Whate'er the fashion of the time,  
 It holds the naked truth a crime.  
 Thus, to a man, we find the crowd,  
 To doubt too bashful, or too proud,  
 In error rather chuse to fall,  
 Than boast no scheme of faith at all.  
 Impatient, hence, of stop or stay,  
 They blunder on the broadest way;  
 Or make a guide, in every street,  
 Of fool or knave, the first they meet.  
 Authorities how blind and lame  
 Hence bring the credulous to shame;  
 While all revere the mould'ring page,  
 Where moths have spent their gothic rage :

\* Whatever country you go into, let the religion be  
 what it will, the unthinking part thereof are always the  
 reputed orthodox.

DED. TO ESSAY ON SPIRIT.

Tales half destroy'd, the rest so true!  
So much inspir'd the Lord-knows-who!

Couldst thou, Lorenzo, build thy hopes  
On muftis, patriarchs or popes;  
On names implicitly depend,  
And mere authorities defend?  
Split on this rock, mistaken youth,  
Lost were thy voyage to the truth:  
'Twere best to give thy labour o'er,  
Nor urge in vain thy genius more.

O, credit not, my friend, too soon  
Fine tales and tidings from the moon;  
Nor, howsoever learn'd or just,  
In priest or prophet put thy trust.  
By Paul or by Apollos taught,  
Still to one test their tenets brought,  
Their doctrines, howsoever true,  
Believe not till they're so to you:  
For oft the wisdom of the wise  
Is only folly in disguise.

Yet superciliously reject  
No tenets that the world respect.  
'Gainst such too rashly ne'er inveigh;  
Nor cast thy grandfire's wit away.



Disdaining at the lamp to pore,  
 That lights us to the classic lore,  
 The half-taught deist thus exclaims  
 At texts rever'd and hallowed names ;  
 Damning profane or sacred writ,  
 That squares not with his shallow wit.

But while, thro ignorance or pride,  
 Opinions thus the world divide ;  
 By turns while truth and falsehood rule,  
 As made the priest's or statesman's tool ;  
 Or, with some temporizing view,  
 Nonsense, that's neither false nor true ;  
 Canst thou, at ease in doubt, my friend,  
 On points too dark thy faith suspend ?  
 Canst thou the world's applause forego ;  
 And burns thy bosom but to know ?  
 Is truth thy only creed profess'd ?  
 Can't leave to providence the rest ?  
 Throw partial systems all aside,  
 Trust to knowledge, as thy guide.  
 See where the stream of science flows  
 From nature's fountain, whence it rose ;  
 Thro hills and dales meand'ring led,  
 As clear as at the fountain head ;  
 Stand thou not shiv'ring on the brink ;  
 Once well embark'd thou canst not sink :

Nor can the current falsely guide,  
 While reason's banks inclose the tide;  
 Whence truth, in sight, on either hand,  
 Smiles on thy voyage thro the land.

But, O, with caution hoist thy sail,  
 To court the metaphysic gale;  
 Lest, hurried on, thy heedless youth  
 Should lose, with land, the sight of truth:  
 Turn'd forth adrift, thy lot to take,  
 On error's broad unfathom'd lake;  
 'Mong struck leviathans, in vain,  
 To plunge and flounder thro the main;  
 Where tides nor set, nor currents steer,  
 But winds all round the compass veer;  
 While floating isles, that cheat the sight,  
 To faithless anchorage invite:  
 Hobbes, St. John, Hume, and hundreds more,  
 Rich barks! all ship-wreck'd on the shore!

## THE LOADED ASS;

## OR PUBLIC CREDIT.

## A POLITICAL FABLE.

A Mettled ass, in days of yore,  
 Who burthens basely never bore,  
 In freedom rang'd the fields around,  
 And leap'd whatever mares he found;  
 Where'er he chose in safety fed,  
 And made what straw he pleas'd, his bed.  
 But, grown by long indulgence bold,  
 He scorn'd at length to be controul'd;  
 And, when his master dar'd to lick him,  
 Was sure with lifted hoof to kick him.

At length, howe'er, by chance he fell  
 To one, who knew the manage well;  
 And, bent to tame our restive jack,  
 Resolv'd to let him for a hack.  
 A neighbouring miller soon he found,  
 Who corn for all the parish ground,  
 And, wanting such a beast to bear  
 The grist committed to his care,

To him our sturdy afs was lent  
At a large premium per cent.

To market soon the miller goes,  
Leading the jack-afs by the nose;  
At night returning with a sack,  
Laid right acrofs our hero's back;  
Who, bending now beneath its weight,  
Began to sorrow for his fate,  
And, as the miller lagg'd behind,  
Unburthen'd thus his troubled mind.

“ Alas for what mysterious end  
“ Must I beneath this burthen bend?  
“ I, that have liv'd an afs so free  
“ And bray'd in boundless liberty!  
“ I, that have long disdain'd the bit!  
“ Must I, insulted thus, submit  
“ To bear a cruel weight, alack!  
“ That needs in time must break my back”!

Then, issuing forth a piteous groan,  
His load he gladly would have thrown,  
But that the miller fast had tied,  
And girt it on the under-side:  
While having seen his inclination,  
He gave him hearty flagellation.

With grumbling, and no little scrubbing;  
 Th' impatient ass put up the drubbing;  
 But still most grievously complain'd  
 Of pains he either felt or feign'd  
 Again next day to market sent,  
 With heavy heart and head he went;  
 But guess with what disdain he burn'd,  
 When with two sacks he back return'd:  
 Yet, thus t' augment his toil and trouble,  
 Each day he found his burthen double;  
 At the same time (the truth be spoken)  
 His wind and back remain'd unbroken.  
 For, tho a life of toil he led,  
 The more he work'd, the more he fed;  
 So that, at first, tho lank and weak,  
 He daily grew more round and sleek:  
 While, as they added sack by sack,  
 More sturdy seem'd his brawny back.

In such good case, 'twas all in vain  
 He found, to murmur or complain,  
 Tho constantly, the trough to fill,  
 More sacks were sent for to the mill,

But on this topic once set thinking,  
 He judg'd, at least when fresh with drinking,  
 That from the grievous weights he bore,  
 He gather'd strength but more and more,

And

And might in time, like Atlas, carry mildmoy'd  
The world upon his back.—Ay, marry! impatient  
'Twere fine if that could come to pass; but still most  
But, what so stupid as an ass? O pains he takes  
Know, dull machine, and have a care, yab xon nioA  
There is a weight thou canst not bear: ne vneav'd  
Much farther should thy masters try But guests with  
Thy strength, 'twill give their hopes the lye: Wren wne  
Know, even now, thy life's at stake; yet thus, eug  
A few more sacks thy back will break. Each day he  
Bethink thee, then, vain brute, in time; At the same  
Self-murder is a horrid crime; the wind and back  
Be passive to thy load no more, For tho' a life of  
But freedom seek as heretofore; The more he  
Nor think, because thy belly's fed, So that at first  
No other care should fill thy head. He dunt grow  
A broken back may, let me tell ye, So weak as they  
Attend at last a bursting belly. More ready

Needs this our fable illustration? In fact good  
The loaded jack is the nation, the loaded  
Oppress'd (at least the wise have said it) Lines of  
With yearly loads of public credit; More loads  
Lamented surely heretofore,  
Because such grievous weights she bore; let on his  
Her ministers in piteous taking He load'd, at least  
Exclaiming oft her back was breaking; and from the  
He expect'd strength not more and more.



Who, now, tho ten times more lies on her,  
 Maintain she'll bear it off with honour;  
 As if, by sufferance taught t' endure,  
 The same the means that kill and cure.

ON E proud Goliath Gath could boast  
 And Philistine of yore,  
 But Covent-Garden's cheering hall  
 Boast one Goliath more.

Yet fear not you of Drury-Lane  
 By little characters led;  
 Their two Goliaths rear in vain  
 While David's at your heels.

\* Miss Gode and Barry. At the Gaiety

ON THE STATE OF THE THEATRES  
IN MDCCXLIX.

ONE proud Goliath Gath could boast,  
And Philistines of yore ;  
But Covent-Garden's threatening host  
Boast one Goliath\* more.

Yet fear not you of Drury-Lane,  
By little champion led ;  
Their two Goliaths roar in vain  
While David's † at your head.

\* Mess. Quin and Barry. † Mr. Garrick.

INVOCATION

## INVOCATION TO SILENCE.

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S SINGING.

LOVE, resolv'd my heart to wound,  
 Youth nor beauty made his choice;  
 But his arrows wing'd with sound,  
 And struck me with Cecilia's voice.

Echo thus made Pan of yore  
 Amorous of the vocal wind.

Silence, oh, my peace restore;  
 Or make me deaf as Love is blind.

INVOCATION TO SILENCE  
THE POETICAL TRIUMVIRATE.OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S SINGING.  
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVII.

LOVE, resolve, and youth not on my side,  
Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy and England did adorn:  
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,  
The next in majesty, in both the last:  
The force of nature could no farther go,  
To make a third, she join'd the former two. DRYDEN.

POOR Dryden! what a theme hadst thou,  
Compar'd with that which offers now?  
What are your Britons, Romans, Grecians,  
Compar'd with thorough-bred Milesians?  
Step into G - - ff - n's shop, he'll tell ye  
Of G - - df - - th, B - - k - rf - - ff, and K - ll - :  
Three poets of one age and nation,  
Whose more than mortal reputation,  
Mounting in trio to the skies,  
O'er Milton's fame and Virgil's flies;  
While, take one Irish evidence for t'other,  
Ev'n Homer's self is but their foster-brother.

E H T

## O D E.

TO COUNT BRUHL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE KING  
OF PRUSSIA.

## I.

SLAVE to thy fortune! cast aside  
 The gaudy pageants of thy pride;  
 Assum'd in evil hour.  
 Tho flatt'ring, 'tis a dangerous thing  
 To lord it o'er an easy king,  
 And wield the sword of power.

## II.

With his magnificence, we see  
 Thy sov'reign's cares transferr'd to thee,  
 Unhappy as thou'rt great.  
 Suspicion poisons thy delights;  
 Thy restless days, and sleepless nights,  
 Betray the wretch in state.

## III.

Leave thy proud halls where columns rise,  
In lofty grandeur to the skies,

The envy of the age ;

Where, serv'd in regal pomp, thy fears

Whisper sedition in thine ears,

And faction's desperate rage.

## I

## IV.

A tempest hovering o'er thine head,

An injur'd people's hate thy dread,

How irksome is thy fate !

Then learn, tho, greater than a king,

The mob's loud lo's round thee ring,

The emptiness of state.

## II

## V.

Insipid is the life, and vain,

The same dull forms run o'er again,

Without one leisure hour.

Ev'n vanity, in its retreat,

Finds ease and freedom oft as sweet

As opulence and power.



## VI.

In sylvan scenes, where nature smiles,  
 And pure simplicity beguiles,  
 With charms best form'd to please ;  
 Ev'n wealth forgets its anxious cares,  
 And pow'r the burthen that it bears,  
 To set our hearts at ease.

## VII:

Already, see, the spring is fled ;  
 The raging dog-star rears his head ;  
 And fierce the noon-tide ray,  
 Repose invites ; accept the prize ;  
 Enjoy the summer ere it flies,  
 And live at ease to-day.

## VIII.

Beneath the cool refreshing shade,  
 Stretch'd out, the shepherd swain is laid,  
 And tends his flocks at ease :  
 The zephyrs scarce are heard to sigh ;  
 The drooping jasmynes, fading, die,  
 Late broken by the breeze.

IX.

While thus all nature's charm'd to rest,  
 Say, wherefore, Bruhl, thy lab'ring breast  
 Forebodes thy country's fate?  
 Prussia thou seest before thine eyes,  
 With num'rous nations, his allies,  
 Thund'ring at Dresden's gate.

X.

Wak'd at the dreadful voice of war,  
 Thy fears already bring from far  
 An host of savage foes;  
 Turk, Taitar, ravaging the soil,  
 From where Sarmatian peasants toil,  
 To where Euphrates flows.

XI.

The gods, for reasons just and wise,  
 'Twixt future scenes and mortal eyes,  
 The darkest veil have thrown;  
 To shew presumptuous man how vain  
 His art the knowledge e'er to gain,  
 Of what heaven keeps unknown.

## XII.

Then let us grateful homage pay,  
 Enjoy the blessings of to-day,  
 And leave to-morrow's cares.  
 Let us, submitting to their power,  
 Employ, content, the present hour:  
 Futurity is theirs.

## XIII.

Most impotent the vain pretence  
 To wrest the hand of providence,  
 By human art or force:  
 Man's single arm as well might guide,  
 Or stop the Rhine's majestic tide,  
 Uncertain in its course:

## XIV.

Now smoothly doth its current flow,  
 Its wonted tribute to bestow,  
 By rolling to the main;  
 Now, swelling from the mountain floods,  
 It bursts its banks, roots up the woods,  
 And deluges the plain.

## XV.

If cloudy prove to-morrow's dawn,  
 Or darts its beams across the lawn  
     The golden orb of day;  
 What is it to the virtuous mind,  
 If howls the loud tempestuous wind,  
     Or radiant sun-beams play?

## XVI.

With clouds the future's overcast,  
 Nor fate itself can change the past,  
     Recalling former days;  
 While time, in haste, and wing'd for flight,  
 Before he's even out of sight,  
     The present doth erase.

## XVII.

Inconstant fortune, light as air,  
 Involves us now in black despair,  
     Now sooths with flattering smiles;  
 In disappointments takes delight,  
 And mocking us in cruel spite,  
     All human-kind beguiles.

## AN EPIGRAM TO MRS. Y. XVIII.

On me her favours thrown away,  
She showers them lavish down, to-day ;

And why no mortal knows.  
To-morrow, stript at her command,  
Those favours, with as lavish hand,  
On others she bestows.

## XIX.

Yet think not fortune's wild caprice,  
O Bruhl ! shall e'er destroy my peace,

Or fill my heart with spleen.  
I use, with gratitude, as mine,  
Her gifts ; which yet I can resign  
Without the least chagrin.

## XX.

By nobler sentiments inspir'd,  
By nobler views to virtue fir'd,

Ev'n poverty I'd wed,  
Did she, a portion for a king,  
Integrity and honour bring,  
To crown her nuptial bed.

## AN EPISTLE TO A - - - - R M - - - - Y, ESQ.

ON THE SUCCESS OF HIS LAST NEW COMEDIES.

YOU'LL, doubtless, M - - - - y, be surpriz'd to see  
 My rhimes address'd familiarly to thee;  
 Nine years, or thereabouts, now gone and past  
 Since the first time I saw you and the last:  
 But, as epistles 'tis the mode to write,  
 Witness the Day\*, and witness too the Night†,  
 Why may not I be modishly employ'd,  
 And write to you, as Churchill does to Lloyd?

My grave acquaintance may reply, 'tis true,  
 That I have got much better things to do.  
 What then? no respite must the jaded mind  
 From paradox and crabbed problems find?  
 Must I, perplex'd, continue evermore  
 On puzzling schemes and diagrams to pore  
 Dull Philomath himself gets these dismiss'd,  
 And spends his evenings pleasantly at whist,  
 Now just as pleasantly I pass my time,  
 Set in to play an harmless game at rhyme.  
 Severer studies may more nobly please,  
 But pleasure yields the palm sometimes to ease;

\* By Dr. Armstrong.

† By Mr. Churchill.



And tho' no great adept in Philo's way  
 The haut calcul or conjuring algebra;  
 Yet, entre nous, of that perplexing stuff,  
 Call'd metaphysicks, I have had enough;  
 And therefore hope no censor will refuse  
 An hour's indulgence to an idle muse.  
 Idle I call her, who ne'er toils to please:  
 Verse, if I write, 'tis always at my ease.  
 No poet bred, compleatly careless I,  
 Whether my Pegasus or creep or fly;  
 Whether on hobbling feet my lame verse goes,  
 Or soft and smooth in easy numbers flows;  
 Whether in lines the rhyme and sense chime pat;  
 To me, as Falstaff says, all's one for that.  
 Criticks allow, in looser strains 'tis fitting  
 Epistolary writing should be written.

I smile to see the letter to a friend,  
 With curious art and studied caution penn'd:  
 Fill'd with choice terms, and freed from all defect;  
 So nice! so quaint! so labour'd! so correct!  
 Nor should I shake my sides much more to see  
 The messenger, with like propriety,  
 Take equal caution not to soil or tear it;  
 And, in a birth-day suit, ride post to bear it.

My plain muse travels in less state the roads;  
 And brings, for letters, elegies nor odes.

Booted and spurr'd, she leaves her palfry free,  
Nor picks the flowery paths of poesy,  
Culls thee no plants that on the borders smile,  
Therewith t'adorn another Desert Isle;  
But jogging on, nor seeks, nor shuns the dirt,  
Fearless herself, as meaning none to hurt;  
And when of flowers of rhetorick in need,  
Takes up with high-way furze or hedge-row weed;  
And tho' e'en these with safety may not pass,  
The keen reviewer's hard-mouth'd critic ass;  
Here let him crop the literary thistle;  
Hard are his gums who grinds \* this rough epistle.

Authors, you know and actors, as they're call'd  
Have been of late unmercifully maul'd;  
Whilst, M----y, you, howe'er to own it loth,  
A fellow-feeling must have had for both.  
Indeed 'twas natural in th' adventurous wit,  
Who brav'd at once both coffee-house and pit,  
To feel for those engag'd, in either case,  
To prove their powers of genius, lungs, or face.  
Bold was the man who ventur'd first to sea †;  
Poh! all's comparative — he bold! — not he.

\* A polite term, used among certain criticks, for reviewing books.

† The first line of an old prologue, which Mr. M----y has imitated in the prologue to his last new pieces.

Bold is the man, indeed, who in this age  
 Ventures his works, or person, on the stage;  
 Doom'd to submit to th' insolence of power,  
 And wait an o'ergrown actor's leisure hour;  
 To watch his coming at the play-house door,  
 Or what is worse, the lodgings of his whore;  
 To bear a manager's insulting airs:  
 Prime ministers not half so proud as players!  
 To find himself of all their art in need;  
 Shewn how to write by those who cannot read;  
 Or kindly taught to mouth a speech as well  
 As one who in his life ne'er learn'd to spell.  
 But, mortified seven years, this penance past,  
 Suppose himself or play brought on at last;  
 What is the raging of the stormy seas!  
 A stormy house no merit can appease:  
 The gods above may hear the sea-man's prayer;  
 But gallery \* gods nor bard nor actor spare.  
 How have I seen their light'nings flash around,  
 And dart, in shape of candles, to the ground!  
 Those flaming instruments of vengeance hurl'd,  
 Threat'ning destruction to the mimic world †!  
 How have I seen them, wanton in their ire,  
 Shower down their rattling balls of solid fire:

\* The gentry in the galleries are commonly called the gods  
 in the playhouse stile. † Totus mundus agit histrionem.

(Pippins and oranges to mortal eyes),  
 But thunder-bolts they were in that disguise;  
 Which th' angry gods, to strike presumption dead,  
 Aim'd, at th' aspiring player's devoted head!  
 How have I heard arise the dismal yell,  
 Where poets damn'd and damning critics dwell;  
 When now the demons of th' infernal pit  
 Tear up the lordly thrones on which they sit;  
 And, wanting lightnings, hurl their seats in rage  
 With double horror on th' affrighted stage!  
 In vain mean while the powers of earth and air  
 Skreening the destin'd victim from despair;  
 While heav'n and hell appear at once combin'd  
 With fate itself against the culprit join'd:  
 For lo! aloft, beneath a cat-call's form,  
 Malicious Fun, shrill spirit of the storm \*!  
 Pleas'd with the ruin of th' advent'rous wight,  
 Enjoys the glorious mischief of the night.  
 Hard lot of Genius! but, as such the rage  
 Of these tremendous rulers of the stage;  
 Let me advise thee, tempt thy fate no more,  
 Where critics groan, fools hiss, and bullies roar.  
 Forbear to wage with witlings endless war,  
 But push thy better fortunes at the bar;  
 No criticks groaning for damnation call,  
 Within the precincts of Westminster-hall;

\* See Fingal.

Nor gods above, nor devils in the pit,  
 There pelt their council for his want of wit.  
 But all are kept in a tremendous awe,  
 By the dread weight and dullness of the law:  
 Beneath whose influence, gouty, rich and fat,  
 May'st thou out-bully Ne'er and out-patriot Prent!

MARY,

MARY, THE COOK-MAID'S ADDRESS  
TO HER FELLOW ARTISTS OF  
LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

AN IMITATION OF SWIFT.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION.

GE'MEN and ladies of the spits, pots, faucepans,  
and kettles,  
And all the other utensils made use of in dressing of  
wittles ;  
These lines are to let you know, that I wonder what  
you mean,  
That you don't all meet together, dress'd sweet and  
clean ;  
And, while you see 'tis the fashion, throughout the  
nation,  
To 'dress the K--- (God bless him) with 'dolence and  
'gratulation,  
Go, all in a body, and present him your duty on his  
accession,  
As other loyal subjects of like respectable profession.

You



You hear that as how the painters, and gravers that  
dine at

The foundling hospital, and called themselves artists,  
design it.

Now, that we are artists as well as they, stands upon  
record in bookery ;

For who of you all hath not read books on the Art of  
Cookery ?

Nay I myself have wrote a volume upon it. — But let  
that pass ;

Tho' it was allowed to be as full of 'rudition as Mrs.  
Glasse ;

And, but that I then liv'd well, and thought begging  
an impropriety,

I might have had, if I had ask'd, a premium from the  
what-do-ye-call-it society.

For you are to know that I have not had so low a  
breeding,

But that, tho' a cook-maid, I am had-up \* in writing  
and reading,

And remember that Mr. Pope, when he tells of lord  
Timon's feats,

Joins together the artists of pictures, musick, meats.  
Stand up, therefore, my friends, for the honour of your

profession,

And insist upon making a party in the artist's  
procession.

\* Adept.

But,

But, if you are prevented by those nigglers of the  
pencil and chissel,

Make a procession of your own, and let them go  
whistle;

At the same time give a hint to their cook, who is  
the son of a sinner,

If, while they are gone to St. James's, he don't take  
care to spoil their dinner;

Nay, for the slight already put on us, as I hold my  
pen,

If ev'ry cook was of my mind, they should never  
have a good dinner again.

They pride themselves mightily on their taste! to be  
sure!

But, in all matters of taste, a cook must certainly be  
the greatest coney-sewer\*.

I like such fellows pretending to have of us no  
opinion,

When, I'll be hanged, if any of them know the taste  
of a shalott from an onion.

They are so vain forsooth, of their paultry raree-show  
of painting.

I am sure, I was starved and squeedged† there till I  
was almost fainting.

\* Connoisseur.

† Squeezed.

Such

Such fights may serve, indeed your skinny, scraggy  
people of condition ;

But, in my mind, a well-roasted sirloin of beef is a  
much more better exhibition.

Let these upstarts, however, do as they will, I do  
seriously profess

That, as to going to St. James's, I think you can do  
no less.

For, if what I have heard be true, our calling is  
aggriev'd :

And 'tis necessary you should do your best to get it  
reliev'd :

Being told as how that good-eating is going out of  
fashion,

Which is, you know, enough to put any cook in the  
world into a passion.

But what vexes me most, and seems to be a bad  
prefage, is,

That I hear the K - - g's, servants are all actually at  
board-wages :

So that, as his example will likely be followed by  
the quality,

Good-bye to new French sauces, and old English  
hospitality.

Nay, John, the butler, tells me (tho' he's a little  
waggish)

That one of the greatest ladies in the kingdom sups on  
Scotch kale and haggis.

Not

Not but what ladies should eat what they like; but  
'tis so comical,

That great folks should be, as our chaplain says, so  
e-canonical \*.

I would have you, therefore, go and make an  
humble representation

Of the evils that threaten the state of cookery in this  
nation:

And I doubt not, by what I have heard of the K - g's  
goodness and sagicity †.

But that you will meet with proper encouragement  
from his M - j - - - y;

Who, the premises considered, will certainly, on  
mature reflection,

Take every man and woman of us under his protection;

And, if he does not find us work, will have the  
gracious intentions,

To give us something to play with, by granting us  
all pensions.

Yours to command,

MARY THE COOK-MAID.

\* Oeconomical. † Sagacity.

## THE BULLFINCH AND SPARROW.

## A FABLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

OF greatness, and its pompous train,  
 What notions false, we entertain!  
 The glitt'ring dress, the splendid feast,  
 Those seeking most who know them least;  
 Our time, anxiety, and cost,  
 In the vain acquisition lost.

Its joys and griefs to every state  
 Adapted by the will of fate,  
 The man we envy, oft as blest,  
 In secret pines, with care oppress'd!  
 Of this, though trite, just observation,  
 My fable is an illustration.

As, on the rake, one winter's day,  
 A town-bred sparrow wing'd his way,  
 Possess'd of each engaging art  
 To win the feather'd fair one's heart,  
 To all his rivals still prefer'd,  
 The fav'rite of each female bird.

He lighted near an ancient seat,  
 Whose turrets mark the squire's retreat;  
 The mansion, where renown'd in fame,  
 Resides the guardian of the game;  
 Or the right worshipful the mayor,  
 Whose corporation's all his care.

There, hopping round from tree to tree,  
 Curious, no doubt, to hear and see,  
 A bullfinch, from a window nigh,  
 Attracted the young rover's eye.

Struck with the warbler's gilded cage,  
 He glow'd with envy, grief, and rage.

"How partial," he exclaim'd, "is fate!

"See how that bullfinch lives in state,

"The happiest of the feather'd race!

"How diff'rent the poor sparrow's case!

"He, shelter'd from the winds and rain,

"Still chaunts at ease his warbling strain.

"While I sit, shiv'ring in the shower,

"Expos'd through each inclement hour

"To nipping frosts, or melting snows;

"Ills that no pamper'd bullfinch knows!

"He, cherish'd at a sumptuous board,

"Is lodg'd and feasted like a lord;

"Fondled, and by his master fed,

"With sweetest cakes and whitest bread;



" While after me the village runs,  
 " With pelting stones and popping guns;  
 " Forc'd by such barb'rous sport to fly,  
 " A miserable wand'rer I,  
 " In the more hospitable wood  
 " Pick, up and down, precarious food.  
 " Hard lot! alas! how different mine,  
 " Compar'd, thrice happy bird! with thine,  
 " Why, cruel fate! live I to rue  
 " I was not hatch'd a bullfinch too!"

The finch, in quite a well-bred way,  
 Heard what our sparrow had to say,  
 And understood him, though at distance,  
 Without th' interpreter's assistance.

Indeed a bird, not quite a fool,  
 Brought up in so polite a school,  
 Could not be thought in want of learning:  
 A word's enough to the discerning.  
 Not comprehend the vulgar folk!  
 Poh, comprehend! tis all a joke.  
 Smiling to find the aukward blunder  
 The foolish fellow labour'd under;  
 He, pluming up his haughty crest,  
 The envious grumbler thus address'd:  
 " Sure, my good friend, you're touch'd in brain,  
 " To talk in this mistaken strain;

" 'Tis true there's something of a smattering  
 " Of wit, in what you have been chattering;  
 " But, chirp as smartly as you will,  
 " Trust me you reason very ill;  
 " And, to be serious for a while,  
 " In truth, your envy makes me smile.  
 " What is there in this fine gilt cage  
 " So much your fancy should engage?  
 " These wires my prison bars, where I,  
 " A splendid slave, must live and die!  
 " Go hence, content, and learn of me,  
 " How vain the finery you see:  
 " Forbear my joys true blifs to call:  
 " Thy liberty is worth them all."

# ON THE MAN OF PARTS, AND HEAD OF THE PRESS.

A COMEDY.

HOW! Doctor! — You a man of parts!

Pray, are you skillful in the arts?

What science may you know?

“I am the Head, Sir, of the press!”

You are! — Indeed, I thought no less;

But say, how came you so?

MERCURY.

Just as, on ancient cup-board carv'd,

The rueful phyzz of wight half-starv'd,

Resembling — whom you'll guess:

Plac'd by the joiner, there it stood

A maggot-bitten head of wood;

The Head, Sir, of the press.

My godship's name and quality you know:

Commission'd from Apollo, I come down

To attend this bench of justices, the town:

Assembled here, all members of the quorum:

To lay a matter of complaint before 'em.

The errand's not in character, 'tis true;

But what our betters did us, we must do.

Therefore, 't'appear with decency at session,

I've stole, you see, the garb of the profession.

PROLOGUE TO FALSTAFF'S WEDDING,  
 HEAD OF THE PRESS.  
 A COMEDY.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE, AND  
 PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL  
 IN DRURY-LANE, ON the Head, &c. of the Press, &c.  
 SPOKEN BY MR. DODD, IN THE CHARACTER OF  
 MERCURY.

Mercury descends from the clouds, flying a-cross  
 the stage & re-enters, followed by a servant, car-  
 rying a counsellor's gown and wig.

A La Mercure, equipp'd from top to toe,  
 My godship's name and quality you know :  
 Commission'd from Apollo, I come down  
 T' attend this bench of justices, the town ;  
 Assembled here, all members of the quorum ;  
 To lay a matter of complaint before 'em.

The errand's not in character, 'tis true ;  
 But what our betters bid us, we must do.  
 Therefore, t'appear with decency at session,  
 I've stole, you see, the garb of the profession.

This gown and band belong to serjeant Prig—  
And this—our brother Puzzle's learned wig—

[Putting on the gown, &c.]

Dress makes the man, sirs, vestis virum facit—

So—now to business—Hem!—si vestris placet—

May't please your worships—Forgery, which is grown

To such a height as ne'er before was known—

I say, a forgery hath been committed,

By which king Pluto's mirmidons, outwitted,

Certain choice spirits, in theatric shape,

Have suffer'd from Elysium to escape;

Of Shakespeare's offspring an ideal train,

Sprung, Pallas like, from an immortal brain!

I heir names—I have 'em down—but, to be brief,

Shall only just recapitulate the chief.

Imprimis, with madeira swell'd, and sack,

There's Sir John Falstaff, alias call'd Plump Jack;

Next, captain Pistol, a notorious bully;

And miss Dol Tearsheet, fam'd for jilting cully;

The widow Quickly, vintner, bawd and whore,

With Bardolph, Peto, Nym and several more;

Link'd in a gang, each cut-purse with his crony,

All arrant thieves, and dramatis personæ;

Bent, as suppos'd, to prostitute to shame

'Th' aforesaid Shakespeare's honour, name and fame.

I shall not trespass on your worships' time,

T' explain at full the nature of their crime:

But,

But, poets having an exclusive right  
To bring their mental progeny to light,  
This right's invaded by the party 'peach'd;  
Who, *vi-et armis*, hath th' old bard o'er-reach'd:  
By counterfeiting of his hand, do you see,  
Feloniously to set these vagrants free;  
With base design t'adopt them for his own,  
'Tho' Shakespeare's property, and his alone.  
Such is the fact.— A critic were an ass,  
No doubt, to let such imposition pass;  
Nor could a cheat so palpable succeed,  
But that the captain of the guard cou'dn't read—  
Not he, for laughing, tho' to've sav'd his soul;  
The scene and circumstances were so droll.

Pistol, with yellow night-cap patch'd with red,  
With mother Quickly was retir'd to bed;  
And, waking, swore, by Styx, he would not come,  
Sans preparation, pike and beat of drum.

Of aqua-vitæ having stole a flaggon,  
Bardolph and Nym were playing at snap-dragon;  
Sometimes proceeding from hard words to blows,  
As by mistake Nym seiz'd on Bardolph's nose.

With Falstaff sat Dol Tearsheet, cheek by joll,  
And while she bus'd his chin and scratch'd his poll,



Slipp'd from his thumb his grandsire's copper ring,  
 For love, not for the value, of the thing;  
 Then stole his empty purse: but no abuse;  
 'Twas only done to keep her hand in use:  
 He swearing, he'd be damn'd as soon as trust his  
 Round belly more with Hall, or his chief justice.

But this is wandering from the point.—They're here,  
 And on your summons ready to appear:  
 Please to proceed then to examination;  
 And be attentive to their information.  
 If, as your judgment cannot be erroneous,  
 You take this forgery to be felonious,  
 The author meaning fraud, I need not mention  
 Your issuing warrants for his apprehension.  
 And when you've caught and into peices tore him,  
 Hang up his mangled carcase in terrorem:  
 In flagrant crimes the process should be short:  
 The law is clear.—I leave it with the court.

## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

MRS. H. ENTERS READING A CARD.

THE muse of Shakespeare's compliments ! — A card  
 T'excuse this evening's enterprizing bard !  
 Great his presumption, to confess the truth :  
 But, as he pleads the passion of his youth,  
 Together with the magick of her charms,  
 Attracting him resistless to her arms ;  
 Tho' somewhat by surprize, she owns, she suffer'd,  
 Yet, as no actual violence was offer'd,  
 She's willing, if the audience should agree,  
 For this one time to set th' offender free.  
 We women soon forgive, if not forget,  
 The crimes our beauties make the men commit,  
 Especially when once we're past our prime,  
 And Shakespeare's muse, like me, 's the worse for time.  
 For, tho' she charm with fancy ever young,  
 Tho heav'nly musick dwell upon her tongue,  
 Lost many an artless smile and dimple sleek,  
 Which sat alluring on her virgin cheek ;  
 Beauties, that faded on the gazer's eye,  
 And no cold-cream of comment can supply.

As for what Merc'ry in the prologue told ye;  
 Pray, let not that from clemency with-hold ye.  
 That Hermes was of old a lying blade,  
 And practis'd in imposture, as his trade;  
 The patron he, or classic lore deceives,  
 Of cheats, forestallers, higglers, hucksters, thieves.

Besides,—to tell you a stage-trick of ours—  
 But you'll not spread the secret out of doors;  
 The man was no more Mercury, than I am yd  
 Queen Hecuba, the wife of Trojan Priam;  
 A messenger from Phœbus! He a god!  
 I can assure you all, 'twas Mr. Dodd;  
 His dropping from the clouds, was all a sham;  
 And his pretended errand but a scam.  
 We've heathen gods of paste-board, made to fly  
 On hempen cords across the painted sky;  
 Those canvass clouds, that dangle there above,  
 Inveloping the throne itself of Jove!

His tale fictitious too, tho' told so glib;  
 For take it on my word, 'twas all a fib.  
 Old Falstaff in Elysium!—To my thinking,  
 So great his natural tendency to sinking,  
 That to the shades if he had once descended,  
 To bring him back not Atlas had pretended.  
 Dramatic sprites (at least they tell me so)  
 Dwell not with saints above, nor devils below:

But,

But, form'd th' imagination to engage,  
During their short-liv'd passage o'er the stage,  
As mere ideal characters exist,  
And stand as cyphers mark'd on nature's list;  
To genius giv'n a delegated power,  
To form these transient beings of an hour;  
Which, from this mimic world whene'er they go,  
Are free to range in fancy's pimlico:  
A limbo large and broad; which in the schools  
Is call'd by some the paradise of fools.  
Feræ naturæ there, their preservation  
Is purchas'd by no game association;  
The poaching plagiary alone denied  
A privilege, granted to each bard beside;  
Who, tho' a cottager, to try his skill,  
May shoot, or course, or hunt them down at will;  
In his own paddock may the strays receive,  
And scorn to ask a lordly owner's leave.

Not but that here, the author of the play,  
By me begs leave submissively to say,  
"None more than he reveres great Shakespear's name,  
"Or glows with zeal to vindicate his fame."

AN

For know, what private worth loses thy boast,  
 AN EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO THE FIRST MINISTER OF STATE, FOR  
 THE TIME BEING.

PREFIX'D TO THE SECOND EDITION OF EPISTLES  
 TO LORENZO.

HAIL, mighty Pam! if song without offence  
 Thus hail the first court-card in eminence,  
 Thou in whom kings find oft the sov'reign sway;  
 For kings at Loo the leading knave obey:  
 Or if, content to play an humbler game,  
 Plain Jack we stile thee, more familiar name:  
 Thou, whose fly-blows the lower party feels,  
 While bent the high to catch thy tripping heels!  
 Great in thyself, whatever thou art call'd,  
 Nations by thee enfranchis'd or inthrall'd,  
 Holla'd to day to Palace-yard along,  
 Flatter'd at once in metzotint and song;  
 Or piqu'd, perhaps, while chimes the present line,  
 Ere yet turn'd out, as usual, to resign;  
 Branded by th' honest satire of the times  
 With all a minister's mysterious crimes!  
 To thee I pay my court, till in disgrace,  
 And then as humbly to the next in place.

To please the sense, but not improve the mind.



For know, what private worth soe'er thy boast,  
Thy person I address not, but thy post.

Is there a time when statesmen, good or great,  
Look down with pity on the toils of state;  
Superiour to the boast of boasted things,  
The pomp of titles, and the smile of kings;  
When, in the private hour of social ease,  
Ambition sleeps, and truth itself may please?  
At such an hour, when ev'n politeness deigns  
To taste the rudeness of familiar strains,  
Presuming thou, in honour to the muse,  
Indulgent once her labours mayst peruse,  
To thee those honest labours she commends;  
At court, while honest, doubtless finding friends,  
But, through thy levee if forbid to press,  
In freedom's plain and anti-courtier's dress,  
Light of her rhimes, as of petitions, made,  
Should they be lost, forgotten or mislaid,  
If not so vain to think thou should'st commend,  
In either case permit me to defend.

Too well I know imputed as a crime,  
The gift of reason to the man of rhyme;  
To childish Fiction jingling numbers tied,  
As bells that dangle by an infant's side;  
To useless whims poetic worth confin'd,  
To please the sense, but not improve the mind.

Should



Should on my daring verse, then, censure fall,  
 From priest or prelate, waken'd in the stall;  
 Or should the learned jurors take in hand  
 To burn the books they may not understand;  
 Scorn'd the loud torrent of the mob's abuse,  
 With thee I leave my error and excuse.

Know then, my patron, once upon a time,  
 While yet a boy, I caught the itch of rhyme:  
 But, born with hatred to the sing-song train,  
 Whose numbers charm, like senseless notes, in vain,  
 While strange to themes t'employ the muse about,  
 The peccant humour broke but little out;  
 Till late, in waking dreams that trouble youth,  
 On one side Prudence urg'd, on t'other Truth:  
 Prudence, a worldly-minded dame, and fly,  
 Who fix'd on earth still kept her cautious eye;  
 While Truth, whose open breast did mine inflame,  
 Look'd up to heaven; to heaven, from whence she came.  
 When now my eager heart her power confess'd,  
 And thus her willing captive she address'd:  
 " Art thou, my friend, that enterprizing youth  
 " Who make pretensions to the song of truth;  
 " By reason taught to leave, in early life,  
 " The wanton mistress, for the faithful wife?  
 " Among the sciences thy partner chuse.  
 " Philosophy's the sister of the muse."

Prudence, who heard, made various hems and haws;  
 And, after due deliberating pause,  
 Shaking her head, "beware rash youth" she cried,  
 "Let Prudence here your early footsteps guide.  
 "Art thou so ignorant as not to know  
 "Truth leads us oft to poverty and woe?  
 "Let me advise—wouldst thou succeed in rhyme?  
 "Mark, at the proper season, well thy time:  
 "Taking this maxim as a gen'ral rule,  
 "The knave is honest till he plays the fool:  
 "For times there are of such malignant face,  
 "That sharpeners only rise to power and place;  
 "Times when the mere huzza for publick good  
 "Breaks down all ranks of honour and of blood;  
 "When sacred characters like bawds are us'd,  
 "And princes with impunity abus'd;  
 "The throne of majesty a vulgar thing,  
 "While George, the cobbler, damns great George, the  
 king.  
 "In times like these, behold on every side  
 "What pains we take offensive Truth to hide:  
 "Asham'd, to shew her bashful face at court,  
 "See her simplicity but made its sport;  
 "Her lovers stigmatiz'd by gen'ral hate,  
 "As bold disturbers of the church and state.  
 "Would'st thou to this abandon'd tribe belong?  
 "What bard e'er heeded yet the truth of song?

Again,

“ Again, ’tis certain there may come a time;  
“ When Impudence finds no excuse in rhyme ;  
“ When even Prudence may herself be just ;  
“ Her int’reſt more to keep than break her truſt ;  
“ When crowns are honour’d, and, in proper ſeaſon  
“ S-----, dread patriot, may be hang’d for treaſon :  
“ A time, perhaps (years work the ſtrangeſt things)  
“ When the brave Scots may love their beſt of kings ;  
“ When ſlighted ſcience may approach the throne ;  
“ And Britons make true policy their own.  
“ What tho their patriot hearts are known to fail,  
“ When dearth of barley threatens want of ale ;  
“ What tho religion, arm’d by common-ſenſe,  
“ Breaks but its weapons in its own defence ;  
“ Ev’n yet may piety be kept alive,  
“ And half-expiring patriotiſm revive.  
“ At ſuch a ſeaſon, ſhould the muſe inſpire,  
“ If touch’d with caution, thou may’ſt ſtrike the lyre,  
“ Perhaps uncenſur’d ; but to look for praiſe !  
“ Know theſe, young bard, are no poetic days.  
“ But ſhould the age, as probably it may,  
“ Turn its looſe politicks another way ;  
“ While, in religious mood, far puſh’d the ſchemes  
“ Of true born Britons, always in extremes,  
“ The times may yet return when frantic zeal  
“ Shall give its wooden ſword an edge of ſteel ;  
“ When convocations ſhall in judgment ſit,  
“ To canvass th’ infidelity of wit ;

“ On wicked Knowledge Britain’s guilt to lay,  
 “ And drive the destin’d victim far away.  
 “ If thus blind Ignorance should rule, in turn,  
 “ Bards loose their ears, and martyr theists burn;  
 “ Ready reforming constables, at hand,  
 “ Of scientific vice to cleanse the land;  
 “ Have thou with truth nor morals ought to do.  
 “ Things are not always fit that may be true.”

Here Prudence ended — her advice was good:  
 But Truth has charms that cannot be withstood.  
 Hers then the muse — how far, success will show  
 In times like ours her song be a-propos.  
 So much indeed of Prudence did I learn,  
 My fingers ne’er in politicks to burn.  
 Silent I sat, amidst the party rout,  
 When late the ministry turn’d in and out;  
 When rag’d the furious goose-quills of the times,  
 To shame their country with their shameless rhimes.  
 Careless what turtle-eating son of White’s  
 Might set the blunders of the state to rights,  
 If Pollio, Gallus, Tully, or his grace,  
 Should all keep out, or who get into place;  
 I car’d not, I, tho these, or none of these,  
 The king, the house, or mightier mob might please.  
 Blam’d I the peer, whom adverse winds had blown  
 Round the wide world, to prop a monarch’s throne;

Taught, in the hurricanes of southern seas,  
 The statesman's wisdom and the courtier's ease;  
 By plunder'd Spaniards, the consummate skill  
 To steer a kingdom, like a bark, at will?  
 Tho made too plain the lee-way of the realm,  
 Did I presume to bid him mind the helm?  
 Nay, when the guardian genii of the land  
 To save our desp'rate fortunes took in hand;  
 I sung them not, tho crown'd, by half the nation,  
 With civic wreaths, from town and corporation.  
 I ne'er officious, crack'd my brains t'amend  
 Errours, the great alone might comprehend;  
 Plagu'd, with no songs of praise, our lord the king,  
 Nor gave one faggot to the blaze of Byng;  
 But, free from panegyrick as abuse,  
 Put all my little wit to private use.

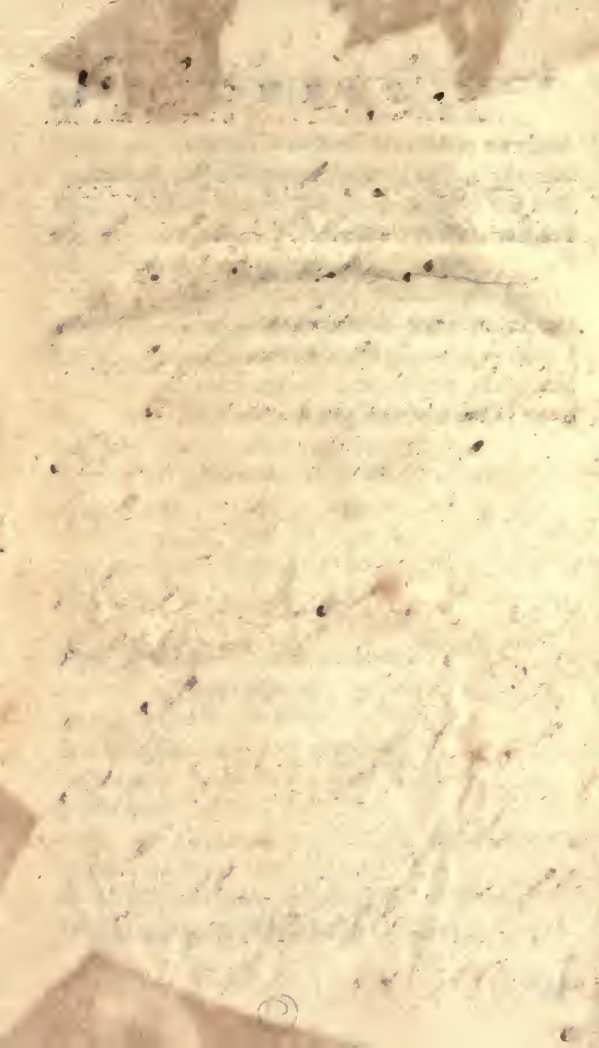
Thus far of temp'ral politics I'm clear;  
 Nor has the spiritual had more to fear.  
 Since gospel witnesses in form were tried,  
 Their valid evidence I ne'er denied;  
 Ne'er intermeddled with the jury's quest,  
 Nor contradicted Littleton or West.  
 When church and state learn'd Warburton would join,  
 Tho sad th' affair, I made it none of mine;  
 Nor did I e'er, 'gainst Leland's pen, presume  
 To vindicate Lord Bolingbroke or Hume:



Made no pretence to freedom of debate;  
Nor risk'd, like harmless Annet, Woolston's fate.  
And tho for once, in this, a trick of youth,  
Prudential views are sacrific'd to truth;  
Could I shake off those vices rhyme and sense,  
My first might likely prove my last offence;  
Or, in thy cause enlisted once my pen,  
I never more might trouble Truth again;  
But to thy purpose turn my ready hand,  
True to the law and gospel of the land.

THE END.









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